THE
NATION

March 14, 1966 35 cents

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REPUBLICAN TURKS

The Draft Under Fire

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

CONGRESS & FOREIGN POLICY

The Timid Political Will

EDWARD A. KOLODZIEJ

THE SCRUTABLE EAST

REVIEWS BY

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LETTERS

abuse of authority

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I am a very close friend of Lieut. Henry H. Howe whose plight was described recently by John Rechy ["'Conduct Unbecoming . . .' The Lieutenant on the Peace Line," *The Nation,* Feb. 21]. The article omitted some pertinent facts about Lieut. Howe's case which I feel should have the attention of you and fellow *Nation* readers.

In addition to those aspects of Lieut. Howe's treatment in the stockade described in the article, he was kept under constant twenty-four-hour guard, the light in his cell was kept on at night, and no one was allowed to speak to him. These practices along with solitary confinement seem extremely harsh for a prisoner convicted of nonviolent offenses. . . .

I recently wrote to Lieut. Howe at Fort Leavenworth and had the letter returned as undeliverable because I was not on Lieut. Howe's authorized list of correspondents. If the letter was undeliverable, why did the censors still open the letter and read it? Their censoring my letter, evidenced by official stamps on the letter itself is, in my opinion, abuse of authority.

John M. Cys

first casualty

St. Petersburg, Fla.

DEAR SIRS: If the immoral and genocidal war the U.S. Government is imposing upon the people of Vietnam were legal, as the American Bar Association is reported to have claimed, then the United States Constitution would have to be illegal, for it specifically provides that only the Congress can declare war. . . . This most unfortunate declaration by the A.B.A. merely proves again that some lawyers can be found who will declare murder legal and the will of God. It is further proof, however unfortunate, that truth is the first casualty of war, hot or cold.

Hugh B. Hester
Brig. Gen. U. S. Army (Ret.)

dubious choice

Providence, R. I.

DEAR SIRS: I would like vigorously to second the doubts expressed by B. C. Bingham on the desirability of having Barnaby C. Keeney, president of Brown University, as chairman of the National Humanities Council (letter, *The Nation,* Feb. 14). For the past five years I have been a graduate student at Brown University and, as a result, I have attained a good deal of familiarity with Dr. Keeney's questionable record on such matters as academic freedom, student protest groups and censorship of student publications. In May, 1960, Brown University suspended and prevented the graduation of the two editors of the senior yearbook because it allegedly contained "objectionable material." This performance was repeated again in May, 1961, this time with regard to the student literary magazine *Hubris.* From November, 1961, to April, 1963, the university banned the sale of the book *Tropic of Cancer* in its bookstore. . . . On Nov. 17 of this academic year, Dr. Keeney vigorously attacked the Students for a Democratic Society for being a "frankly revolutionary movement." The *Brown Daily Herald* of Nov. 18, however, expressed its disappointment that Keeney's comments were based on "distorted facts and twisted inferences." The *Pembroke Record* went even further, calling Keeney's remarks "a McCarthy-like guilt-by-association chain of inferences."

Paul K. Hoch

EDITORIALS

the consensus that isn't

Being the skillful politician that he is, President Johnson prefers to govern by consensus, and for a time after his election in 1964 he could plausibly claim that he was doing so. The consensus then began to show cracks, but these were superficial enough so that the President could paper them over. Now the cracks are so deep, and widening so rapidly, that the paper tears as fast as it is applied, and all can see that the consensus is in disarray.

More than any other factor, Vietnam did it. Politics is a rough-and-tumble affair, but in this case justice was done. Mr. Johnson broke faith with the people who voted for him on the issue of moderation in foreign affairs; no sooner was he elected than he leaped into the shoes of Barry Goldwater. Nor can it be said that he got into trouble over something immaterial. Vietnam is a complex of issues of vast importance, not only to Americans but to all the peoples of the world, and good policies in other areas could never compensate for the evil to which Mr. Johnson committed the United States in Southeast Asia.

The methods which worked before will not work again. As things were, the President could invite critics to the White House, slap backs and twist arms a bit, and restore order. Now all he can do is to deny that irreconcilable differences exist. Neither his opponents nor the facts of the situation will permit that for very long. The polls are already beginning to show the futility of it. According to the Harris poll, in January, 63 per cent of those questioned thought Mr. Johnson's handling of the Vietnamese war was "excellent or pretty good." In February, the percentage had fallen to 49. The drop was not due to any one cause —it was about equally divided between those who wanted the military effort to be increased and those who wanted to see the President do more to bring about negotiations—but the division bears precisely on the underlying difficulty. Mr. Johnson has tried to placate both the militarists and the moderates (those who were for getting out of Vietnam without conditions have never been more than about 15 per cent of the population) and this policy of tergiversation has satisfied neither faction.

The hawks, of course, have had much the best of it, but by their nature force is never applied on a scale large enough to satisfy them. The hawks, or at least the most hawklike among them, will not rest until the Chinese Reds are goaded into action and the bombs can be unleashed on their nuclear installations. The moderates, on the other hand, will be further antagonized by the increase in American forces from the present 200,000 in South Vietnam to 400,000 by next January—an increase which has already been decided on and which is in the Pentagon works. And many voters, who feel rather than think (but feelings are not a bad guide in some political situations) are turning against the President in large numbers. Eric Sevareid notes a "steady congealing of opinion among the women of this country," and predicts that the President and the Democratic Party will, within the next few months, "be in serious difficulties with the American voting public."

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The one development which could save Mr. Johnson's political hide at this juncture is a concerted bid by the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese to negotiate. Both must agree; neither one alone will suffice. Such a *deus ex machina* is improbable. And if it did occur, Mr. Johnson would be in further trouble. His Vice President has just recruited another division of South Korean troops, and General Park laid down a condition: the Communists must be exterminated. That is also the view of General Ky. No doubt Mr. Johnson would like to have foreign arms to twist, but he is not apt to get the opportunity.

el desastre

Everyone knows by now that on January 17 a Strategic Air Command B-52 bomber and a KC-135 tanker collided while refueling over the village of Palomares in Spain, killing eight American airmen and dropping four "nuclear devices," of which three have been located and the fourth is still missing. But for forty-four days, Washington kept the incident wrapped in a blanket of impenetrable secrecy during which Department of Defense officials engaged in colloquies with newsmen such as one quoted by Tad Szulc in *The New York Times* (February 4): *Reporter*: "Can you tell me whether you've located the missing bomb?" *Briefing Officer:* "I don't know of any missing bomb, but we have not positively identified what I think you think we are looking for."

Such morbid preoccupation with secrecy, if it involved a civilian in some sphere of activity other than military nucleonics, might get him committed to a mental institution, but in the services it is the norm. It is not the norm for the unsophisticated peasants of Palomares, who still are only dimly aware of what hit them. They call it "the disaster" because it has disrupted their lives, subjected some of them to possible radiation or chemical poisoning, and transformed their village into an operational base for the U.S. Navy and Air Force. The missing bomb must be located, and so far an expenditure of $28 million has not located it.

Among the many bizarre features of the incident is the disposal of some 1,500 tons of Palomares topsoil contaminated by spilled plutonium, which is both radioactive and highly poisonous. Szulc reports from Madrid that it is to be shipped back to the United States "for laboratory tests." A sample of a few pounds or, since we Americans do everything on a big scale, a ton or two, would suffice for the most thorough testing; but the Spaniards certainly want none of it, so Uncle Sam is taking back the whole load. The services have built a jetty some 200 yards into the Mediterranean to facilitate the loading of the surplus topsoil aboard ocean-going barges. What will be done with it in the United States is no doubt another military secret.

The crucial question which this unhappy incident raises is: why did it have to occur? The bomber was flying from Seymour Johnson Air Force Base in North Carolina on a flight toward an "Eastern country." The Strategic Air Command, that is to say, is still carrying the air war to the Soviet Union and its satellites, although tensions in that part of the world have subsided considerably, and numerous nuclear-tipped missiles are targeted on every military base and city in the affected area. Are the Russians carrying on

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similar flights toward American cities, and refueling en route over the territory of other countries? Aerial refueling involves very large aircraft flying only yards apart; in these and other operations, something like twenty accidents have occurred over the years. Does it make sense? If so, would the Administration deign to tell us how?

Republicans and the draft

The article by Robert G. Sherrill (p. 285) anticipates the demand by approximately thirty House Republicans for an investigation of the draft. Their statement alleges gross inefficiency and inequity. A typical charge is that out of 546,000 men between 19 and 26 now classified 1-A, about 118,000 have not yet been examined and the papers of another 280,000 are stalled in the "bureaucratic pipeline" between local draft boards and Army induction centers. Another criticism deals with the vague specifications on age and mental and physical capacity and the priorities in which various manpower groups are called for service. The Representatives also call attention to a recent report of the Comptroller General which concludes that 9,000 enlisted personnel of the Army, Navy and Air Force are working in nonmilitary activities, such as officers' and noncommissioned officers' clubs, hobby shops, bowling alleys, golf courses, and commissary sales stores.

This by no means exhausts the long bill of particulars that has been drawn up against the draft by those who have studied it. Yet nothing happens. Commissions are appointed, but their reports are shelved. Here, then, is an issue the Republicans could push to advantage between now and November. But why is it that whenever a group of Republicans manages to lay hands on an issue of great popular appeal, the top leadership can be relied upon to veto it? Are the leaders haunted by some deep-seated death wish? Sen. Everett Dirksen is doing his best to squelch the proposal to investigate the draft. But the thirty Republican sponsors should not be put off by Old Ev's disapproval; they have a good issue if they will only press it. There is great unrest and dissatisfaction with the operation of Selective Service, and it is greatest in those areas — campus communities being merely one example — where the GOP must find new adherents.

official information: how good is it?

"In the White House," Theodore C. Sorensen remarked the other day, "I felt sorry for those who had to make judgments on the basis of daily newspapers." Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., concurred, saying that after participating in governmental decision-making he felt that in such matters the relation of journalism to reality was often less than that of the shadows in Plato's cave. As Sorensen realized, these views go to the heart of the modern problem of democracy, for he added that if he thought the "information gap" was insuperable he would not have much faith in democracy.

Members of Congress, as well as ordinary citizens, do in fact often excuse their inaction and nonthinking with the plea that the President is fully informed, while they know only what they see in the papers or on TV. If the interests of the government and those of the people were identical—if the President and his assistants were wholly patriotic, wholly selfless and wholly logical, and if diplomatic and intelligence reports were wholly accurate—there would indeed be no need for participation by the people in the affairs of government.

But all these assumptions fly in the face of reality. Perhaps oftener than not, the interests of the people are opposed to those of the government, especially in the realm of foreign affairs. *Every* government must be watched, and the principal virtue of democracy, and its cardinal advantage over totalitarianism, is that under democracy the government is subject to the surveillance of those who mistrust it.

And what about the validity of the inside dope reaching the Administration? It is regarded as reliable when it fits within the framework of a preconceived policy, which may itself be disastrous. Last December, in *Newsweek*, Emmet John Hughes (who, like Sorenson and Schlesinger, is a former servant of a President) began a column with this statement: "The moment is sobering, even chilling, for critics of U.S. policy in Vietnam. Almost devastatingly, they have been proven right—not largely, but overwhelmingly." How come? Was Robert McNamara getting false information and, himself gullible, passing it on to a gullible public? Or was he getting valid information and telling lies? Or was he the victim of his own wishful thinking? Give him the benefit of every doubt, and the fact remains that with all the secret information at his disposal, McNamara has been misleading the public for more than six years.

Then there is the question of ethics. Governments do not have principles; they have only interests. In the furtherance of these interests, and to the extent of their assumed ability, they threaten or make war, and this is what they call patriotism. The crucial diplomatic and intelligence reports that a government receives have to do with its own military capacity in relation to that of actual or potential enemies. With few exceptions (of which the United States in its present phase is not one) governments operate under the law of the jungle. That they becloud their actions with a pretense of idealism does not alter the facts of brute force.

The true patriots are those who, as individuals and through religious and other organizations, strive to restrain their government in its pursuit of nefarious ends by force of arms. Sometimes they are in office, but more often their only power is that of criticism and conscience. The greatest imaginable blessing for mankind would be if the President could hear their voices amid the din of official information that supports his plans to expand the war.

research and responsibility

Despite the eminence and respectability of two New York physicians accused of experimenting upon twenty-two gravely ill patients without their informed consent, the state's Board of Regents has declined to avert its eyes from either the ugly facts or the unpleasant implications of the case. Acting on the recommendations of a special subcommittee composed of two lawyers and an investment banker, the board found Drs. Chester Southam and Emanuel Mandel guilty of unprofessional conduct and of "fraud and deceit in the practice of medicine."

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An internationally renowned cancer researcher at Sloan-Kettering Institute, Dr. Southam sought and obtained Dr. Mandel's cooperation, arranging for the conduct, in July, 1963, of the experimental series. The patients were at the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital in Brooklyn, of which Dr. Mandel was, and remains, the medical director. Dr. Southam wanted to measure the speed with which patients who were very sick, but cancer-free, would reject tissue-cultured human cancer cells. Previous experiments had established that healthy individuals rejected the implanted cells far more rapidly than patients already in the advanced stages of cancer. If persons in advanced, noncancerous illness rejected the foreign cells as rapidly as healthy subjects, certain theories of cancer immunology would thereby be confirmed. Dr. Southam's approach to research in the field is widely regarded by those who should know as one of the more significant lines of investigation. There was never, everyone agrees, the remotest chance that the patients would get cancer from the injections.

Most of the medical profession apparently also agrees that there was no need to tell them that the cells were cancer cells. Drs. I. S. Ravdin, vice president for medical affairs of the University of Pennsylvania, and George E. Moore, director of Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, N.Y., another cancer research center, testified in defense of Dr. Southam's admitted failure to tell the subjects that the material to be injected was cancer. Practically every researcher follows similar practices, they told the subcommittee. Dr. Southam testified that he saw no reason to mention the fact, since no harm would ensue, and therefore "it is not pertinent to the phenomenon which is going to follow," namely rejection of the implanted nodule. He was positively unwilling to use the word "cancer" for a further reason: it would needlessly frighten the patients. As a physician, he said in effect, he had a duty to withhold such irrelevant but scary information. Instead, the patients were told that the injection was a test of their resistance or immunity to disease, that a lump would form which would go away, and that was all. Nothing was said about cancer or research.

In a decision to which all doctors could well give heed, the board brushed this reasoning aside. It noted that some of the patients were probably in no physical or mental condition to understand the nature of the experiment, even if they had been informed of it. "One of these same patients was operated on two days after the injections," it dryly observed, "and . . . prior to making the operation . . . the hospital obtained two separate written consents each signed by both the patient and a relative." The "alleged oral consents" obtained for the experiments, it concluded, "were not informed consents and were . . . fraudulently obtained."

The fraud lay in depriving the subject of an experiment of *any* information that might have resulted in his refusing to cooperate. It is not, the Regents held, for the physician to decide what is relevant or irrelevant, but for the volunteer; and no fact may be concealed from him, even if his decision not to cooperate as a result of disclosure of such a fact is considered by the profession to be completely irrational.

The Regents took an exceedingly dim view of some professional attitudes toward laymen whose cooperation is sought in such situations: The record, they declared, indicates that some physicians feel "that they can go ahead and do anything which they conclude is good for the patient, or which is of benefit experimentally or educationally and is not harmful to the patient, and that the patient's consent is an empty formality. With this we cannot agree."

Publisher's Note

With this issue, *The Nation* has undergone a face lifting. The typography and design have, as you can see, been revamped; the cover has been adorned with a modest bit of color, and the magazine is now printed by offset on paper with a superior printing surface (and a longer life expectancy). Thanks are owed to Gertrude Snyder for her help in effecting the design modifications.

These changes emphatically do not denote any change in the purpose, focus or character of the magazine. Nor are they to be taken as steps in the direction of slickness. Their sole aim is to improve the appearance of *The Nation,* and the readability of what we have to say.

REPUBLICAN TURKS

THE DRAFT UNDER FIRE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

Quietly reorganizing in the House of Representatives is a covey of members—eventually perhaps as many as thirty, says their ringleader, Thomas B. Curtis of Missouri—who are determined to force Congressional participation in shaping the future of the draft. This little pocket of insurrection against a heavy-handed Presidency—like "The Fifteen" in the Senate—is one of the few exciting, even noble, attributes of this Congress.

No more executive hocus-pocus from Mr. Johnson, they insist, no more million-dollar "phantom committees" that tuck the draft problem solemnly under arm and disappear forever into the labyrinth of the Pentagon: no, say Curtis and his boys, if they have their way, this most unjust of all civilian burdens must be brought back to Congress for its solution.

It takes courage to make this move as the passions of Vietnam debate grow intense, but the present structure and administration of the draft have become intolerable to these Congressmen. The problem goes far beyond the "Why me?" question that arises in the minds of the small fraction of

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eligible men who are tapped for uniform. That question could be put down with a black-bean lottery, upon which the answer would be easy enough: You lost. If chance were substituted for a pretended logic, there would be no grounds for argument about fair play.

But in addition to the justice of the selection technique, there is first of all the question of whether a peacetime (this is still officially peacetime) draft should exist at all. To be sure, it is a question we may expect future Presidential candidates to be leery of answering negatively, remembering that Adlai's offhand suggestion that the draft be ended was effectively twisted by Eisenhower into a sign of left-wing softness; and that Goldwater's opening assurance at Prescott that "Republicans will end the draft altogether, and as soon as possible. That I promise you" was twisted by Johnson into just another sign of Barry's kookiness.

The question persists, nevertheless, and is acknowledged to be sensible even by some generals whose sole interest in the matter is maintaining a sturdy and efficient army. Just a little more than a year ago, Brig. Gen. Lynn D. Smith, head of the Army's enlisted personnel directorate, stated in *Military Review* that with only 4.6 per cent of the 10 million young men between 17 and 26 years of age actually going into the army in 1963, and the "universality" of selective service destined to become even more of a farce as the population of the country swells, the present draft is satisfactory neither from an emotional nor a practical standpoint.

Even if the draft were truly universal, he wrote, it wouldn't do because "Requiring 10 million young men to take military training might improve the physical and moral stature of the nation's youth [a ploy much used in discussion by Selective Service director Lieut. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey], but it would not materially help the army. . . . One of the problems facing the army today is that a significant portion of its strength is continually in training and not available in units. . . . If the army had to train three million men per year, manning the training base would magnify rather than decrease turbulence in the operating unit."

What the Army needs, he argued, is not the present system wherein 95 per cent of the men joyfully quit the service as soon as they can, but a body made up of men who will stay on the average for ten years. In short, a professional army.

"Cost of such a program? It would be a money-maker. The dollars saved by training 50,000 to 75,000 new men for the Army each year, instead of the present 200,000 or 250,000 would more than compensate for the cost of qualifying the 10-year veteran for a place in the civilian economy. . . . *The current strength could actually be reduced if the annual turnover of men was reduced.*"

Another question still to be tracked down is the suspicion on the part of some critics that the draft is—or may be—used by the government, not wholly as a method for providing bodies but as a method for brainwashing young men on the one hand and "keeping them quiet" on the other. The late Robert Taft, Sr., was not the last to express fears that "by handing boys over to the arbitrary and complete domination of the government, we put it in the power of the government to indoctrinate them with the political doctrines then popular with the government." (The recent court-martial conviction in El Paso of a young lieutenant for participating—though in civilian clothes and off duty—in a protest march against our Vietnamese policy may be to the point. See " 'Conduct Unbecoming . . .' Lieutenant on the Peace Line" by John Rechy, *The Nation*, February 21.)

The nearest thing to an admission that this kind of groupthink is being employed came when General Hershey told the House Armed Services Committee that selective service, either directly or by threat, manipulates the entire lives of the nation's youth, not just that shadowy period when they are in uniform. "For the past twenty years the selective service system has been what we call a channeler," he said. "That is, we have channeled people into training for professions and occupations that were said to be very necessary for national life, and once they had finished it, we have continued to defer them if they are engaged with contractors and other people who are producing things for the armed forces. . . .

"The deferment is the carrot that we have used to get individuals into occupations and professions that are said by those in charge of government to be the necessary ones."

In response to this description of Americans as rabbits, John Lindsay, then Congressman, accurately summed up: "Thus, in the name of national security and government interest, the future course of emphasis in our society may be changed by the state, indeed by the military apparatus."

An analogous issue is the suspected use of the Army as a kind of quarantine ward for young men with "dangerous" ideas that might spread. On the college level, the use of the draft for putting them out of circulation has been notably demonstrated at the University of Michigan where some sitters-in were immediately shifted into 1-A (see "Punishment by Conscription: General Hershey's Big Stick" by Carl Cohen, *The Nation*, December 27, 1965); but so much bad publicity followed that action that hereafter the Hershey Raiders will at least have to disguise their disciplinary drafting under the banner of necessity. That this may already have started is suggested by Hershey's statement that he has run out of eligibles in other brackets and must now turn to the students.

Since the Selective Service juggles its census with such blinding deftness, it will be difficult to disprove the "necessity" argument, but it is worth noting that only a few days ago Bruce Chapman in the New York *Herald Tribune* quoted no less an expert than Frank Mott of the Labor Department's Office of Manpower, Automation and Training—which keeps a close eye on the shiftings of the bigger hunks of our population—to the effect that the desperate search for new 1-As leaves him puzzled. "So far as we can judge," Mott is quoted as saying, "there should be no problem meeting draft needs even with the increased call."

One close student of the Selective Service System pointed out recently that Hershey's office and the Army have a slick routine for keeping the draft going: to maintain the pretense of universality, he pointed out, Hershey cuts down the "eligible" pool with haphazard and whimsical exemp-

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tions, and then sucks all the remaining eligibles into service and cries, see, voluntary enlistments couldn't do the job! The Army, for its part, is periodically reluctant to recruit all it could, lest it destroy the pretense that the draft is necessary.

Too insidious to believe? Well, on this point, Congressman Curtis charged on the floor of the House that "it has been candidly admitted by Army recruiting sergeants, in private conversations, that beyond a certain point they are quietly advised 'from above' that they are not to recruit any more young men even if more young men are eager to enlist." He challenged the Department of Defense to allow twenty recruit sergeants to be called and put under oath about this—the challenge was never accepted.

Another well-known device for creating a "shortage" in the fighting forces is the wasting of trained fighters and technicians in the wrong jobs—something for which the militarists have a curious talent. Two years ago, the General Accounting Office revealed that the Army had put 35,000 soldiers in the wrong jobs—helicopter mechanics being used as life guards and dog handlers, et al. But this small public disclosure changed nothing. In January, after a new inspection, the General Accounting Office found the military still employing its manpower as follows: A ground communications repairman was working in the Keesler Air Force Base hobby shop; a tank mechanic was serving as a game warden at the Fort Hood rod and gun club; a Navy man knew no skills, since he had been a pin setter at the officers' bowling alley at a San Diego air station since his enlistment.

The need for the draft appears to have no relation to the "reserves," a happy group whom Defense Secretary Robert McNamara—apparently viewing it as a kind of Concord militia, not to be used until the Yellow Peril's flotilla rides through the San Pedro breakwater—has said he does not intend to call up "at this time." Some manpower shortage!

At the other end, with boys too poor or too ignorant to go to college, the government is suspected of using the Army as a dampening influence on social unrest. As Charles Bartlett expressed it in the Washington *Star*: "The manpower needs of the military are combining with *apprehension over the plight of the uneducated to foment new ideas for redirecting the nation's unutilized youth.*"

Hershey's plan to induct 30,000 uneducated boys and school them up to the minimum level was turned down by the Senate. But there is more than one way to make sure that the front lines are filled with potential troublemakers, and there is some reason to think that the Job Corps may be one of them. Of the first 200 graduates of the Job Corps, three went to college and eighty joined the armed forces, having been physically and mentally tooled up for their new service by time in the Job Corps.

Hershey often makes remarks that indicate he looks upon the Army as an excellent finishing school for clods, but there is plenty of evidence that this is just recruit-poster talk. Testifying before a Veterans Affairs subcommittee last year, Arthur W. Farmer, deputy chief benefits officer of the Veterans Administration, said that the Army is brimming over with educational opportunities for the underprivileged. Sen. Robert Kennedy pinned him on that one.

Kennedy: "You said a boy going into the military services advances his education while he is in the military service. What percentage do that? How many have moved on a year in high school? Or how many received a high school education in the services?"

Farmer: "Without being able to give you specifics, I would have to say that it is not inconsiderable."

Kennedy: "You don't know?"

Farmer: "That is right."

Kennedy: "Why don't you say you don't know. That is what the answer is."

What are our reasons in terms of both dollars and humanity for maintaining the present Selective Service System? Why is it impossible to have open hearings to consider

the merits and demerits of a voluntary, professional army, similar to Canada's? Is the draft being used to abuse and subdue? Is the recruit program purposely held down?

The Johnson Administration offers neither answers nor the mechanics for getting answers, and it has actively connived to prevent anyone else from getting some answers.

In March and April of 1964, a great wave of enthusiasm was building up in Congress to really dig into the draft question and make some sense of it with a bipartisan Congressional committee. Both Curtis and former Sen. Kenneth Keating had bills that looked promising.

But only four days after Keating—joined by Allott of Colorado, Bennett of Utah, Miller of Iowa, Morton of Kentucky and Prouty of Vermont—introduced his draft review bill, President Johnson called a press conference and announced a "comprehensive" review of the draft—to be conducted by the Department of Defense. He thus killed any chance Keating and Curtis might have had.

The President's move involved a strange about-face. Back in 1959, when Eisenhower had attempted the very thing Johnson was now proposing, he was thoroughly denounced by leaders in the Senate for trying to pre-empt Congressional duties. Said Sen. Richard Russell:

> Congress has the responsibility. It will not escape it by giving to the executive department the power to appoint a commission to review the matter. Is the President likely to appoint a commission which will support the view of Congress and will be somewhat critical of his position? Or will it not be more likely to sustain the views of the President? It is about time that we got away from attempting to meet every problem by the appointment of a commission. . . . Usually we end by getting the same recommendations from the commissions that we have had from the Department of Defense on the same subject. It is really a new way of asking for the views of the Department of Defense.

Precisely the same complaints could have been addressed

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to Johnson, and yet when he does not even bother with the front of a "commission" but puts the study directly into the hands of the Pentagon, one does not hear a peep out of this Administration's Congressional henchmen. It did not puzzle them, apparently, that a study initiated by Kennedy had been going for seven months. What had happened to it? Why a new Presidential study on top of one that was already in progress?

All such quibbling was set aside when, with a great flourish and a $1 million budget, the Department of Defense assigned thirty-five men full time to complete the new study, the deadline being *last* April. Although the report is now almost a year overdue, nothing has been heard from the study group, except for a few preparatory leaks to favorite newsmen that the draft will have to be continued as is, indefinitely.

John McClaughry, an aide to Prouty, nicely summarizes the strategy:

> Johnson may not be the inventor of the phantom committee, but he is rapidly becoming a master of its use. Several Congressmen or Senators—it doesn't matter of which party—get interested in what they believe to be a serious problem. They agitate for a serious study effort, by a select committee of Congress or by a special Presidential commission. Bills are introduced, speeches delivered, letters sent to the President stating the urgency of the matter and pleading for its support.
>
> But for reasons of his own the President does not want the issue aired. The solution: with much fanfare the President establishes a phantom committee. On paper, the committee makes a frontal assault on the problem it faces. In practice, the committee does little or nothing. Its main purpose is to quiet the demands of Congress by assuring the public that something is being done.

Curtis and the others knew what Johnson was up to, but for a while they had to pretend that he was sincere. Now they have waited long enough to show that the President has no intention of attempting to cope with the draft problem, and they are ready once more to ask that the Congress take control. There must be quite a few young men who wish them luck.

FREEDOM'S CRISIS

THE LAST STEEP ASCENT

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

At the beginning of each year, Martin Luther King, Jr., presents in The Nation *an annual report on the progress of civil rights. The essay here following is the sixth of these reviews, the earlier ones being: "Equality Now," February 4, 1961; "Fumbling on the New Frontier," March 3, 1962; "Bold Decision for a New South," March 30, 1963; "Hammer of Civil Rights," March 9, 1964, and "Let Justice Roll Down," March 15, 1965.*

At the end of 1965 the civil rights movement was widely depicted as bewildered and uncertain, groping desperately for new directions. The substantial legislative accomplishments of the past several years, it was argued, dealt so extensively with civil rights problems that the movement had become stagnated in an embarrassment of riches. Negro leaders, we were told, did not know how to maintain their assembled armies nor what goals they should seek.

The dominant white leadership of the nation, in perceiving the civil rights movement as uncertain and confused, is engaged in political projection. The Negro freedom movement has a policy and a program; it is the white power structure that gropes in indecision. White America, caught between the Negro upsurge and its own conscience, evolved a limited policy toward Negro freedom. It could not live with the intolerable brutality and bruising humiliation imposed upon the Negro by the society it cherished as democratic. A wholesome national consensus developed against *extremist* conduct toward nonwhite Americans. That feeling found expression in laws, court decisions, and in the alteration of long-entrenched custom. But the prohibition of barbaric behavior, while beneficial to the victim, does not constitute the attainment of equality or freedom. A man may cease beating his wife without thereby creating a wholesome marital relationship.

The quality and quantity of discrimination and deprivation in our nation are so pervasive that all the changes of a decade have merely initiated preliminary alterations in an edifice of injustice and misery. But the evils in our society oppressing the Negro are not now so heavy a social and moral burden that white America cannot still live with them. That is the dilemma of 1966, for which the white leadership has no clear and effective policy. The logic of growth means that the civil rights odyssey must move to new levels in which the content of freedom is security, opportunity, culture and equal participation in the political process. Negro goals are clearly defined, their tactics are tested, suitable and viable. The lag is appearing in the white community which now inclines toward a *détente*, hoping to rest upon past laurels. The changes it must accept in the new circumstances, however logical, have not been faced nor accepted as compelling.

The period which has been completed, though attended by turmoil and spectacular events, was relatively easy to accomplish. Negroes not only furnished the drive but by disciplined adherence to nonviolence swiftly educated and won millions to the righteousness of their demands. For the white majority there were few hardships, and the lifting of some burden of guilt adequately compensated for any limited inconvenience.

The future is more complex. Slums with hundreds of thousands of living units are not eradicated as easily as lunch counters or buses are integrated. Jobs are harder to create than voting rolls. Harmonizing of peoples of vastly different cultural levels is complicated and frequently abrasive. It is easy to conceive of a plan to raise the minimum

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wage and thus in a single stroke extract millions of people from poverty. But between the conception and the realization there lies a formidable wall. Someone has been profiting from the low wages of Negroes. Depressed living standards for Negroes are a structural part of the economy. Certain industries are based upon the supply of low-wage, underskilled and immobile nonwhite labor. Hand assembly factories, hospitals, service industries, housework, agriculture operations using itinerant labor, would all suffer shock, if not disaster, if the minimum wage were significantly raised. A hardening of opposition to the satisfaction of Negro needs must be anticipated as the movement presses against financial privilege.

Beyond this, long-established cultural privileges are threatened in the next phase. We have seen in the effort to integrate schools, even in the more tolerant Northern urban centers, that many reasonably unbigoted persons assume a new posture with the introduction of unfamiliar problems into school systems where they have a personal interest. In the quest for genuinely integrated housing, the intensity of opposition from many who considered themselves free of prejudice has made it clear that this struggle will be attended by tenacious difficulties.

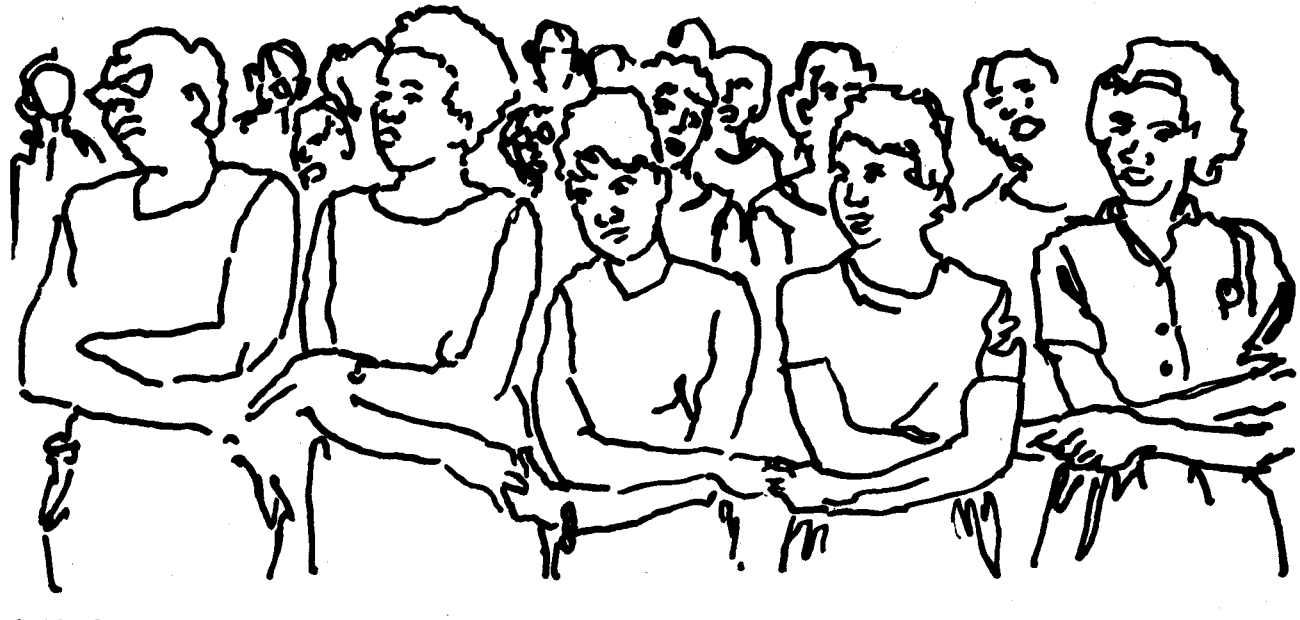
It is against this reality that the new period must be analyzed. Negroes have benefited from a limited change that was emotionally satisfying but materially deficient. As they move forward for fundamental alteration of their lives, a more bitter opposition grows even within groups that were hospitable to earlier superficial amelioration. Conflicts are unavoidable because a stage has been reached in which the reality of equality will require extensive adjustments in the way of life of some of the white majority.

There is no discernible will on the part of white leadership to prepare the people for changes on the new level. This is the program that is absent. No one has been told what slum elimination actually entails or what the transition from equality to opportunity really involves. One is forced to believe that the answers have not been forthcoming because there is no genuine conviction that such fundamental changes need be on any early agenda.

All profound social movements reach a plateau of this sort, short of the summit, and the presence of new opposition should not dismay us. Because we have accumulated substantial successes we have been able to reach the inner walls of resistance. That was our goal. The new obstacles should not be deplored but welcomed because their presence proves we are closer to the ultimate decision. These walls will yield to the same pressures that left the outer battlements in fragments behind us.

Government policy with respect to recent legislation reveals the contradictions that cloud the forward movement of civil rights. At the beginning of 1965, it was clear that the Administration was satisfied to rest on the legislation of the previous year. It felt the digestion of so heavy a feast of victories would occupy the civil rights movement for years. But our first step in February to employ these rights released the whirlwind. The attempt at Selma to brutalize Negroes once again stimulated decent Americans to a glorious moral moment of flaming indignation. President Johnson's passionate reaction made political history and his Administration moved with commendable dispatch to enact the Voting Rights Act of 1965. It was aided very significantly by the Goldwater debacle. The elections of 1964 broke the decades-old Congressional alliance of Dixiecrats and Northern conservatives, and sent to the Congress some fifty new Representatives who were receptive to fresh thinking.

With the passage of the memorable Voting Rights Act, the Administration once more proclaimed that the door to freedom had been flung open. Not since the promulgation of the Emancipation Proclamation had the hopes of Negroes been so high. But the year that came in like a lion went out like a lamb. There were increases in voting registration, there were some accretions to the list of token desegregated schools; but sweeping implementation nowhere appeared. Restraint and caution became public policy. The 1965 voting law applied to more than 500 Southern counties, but more than six months after its enactment only thirty-seven counties had received federal registrars. In the most important county of the South, where the city of Birmingham is located, every form of sophisticated evasion



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was employed. We had to organize daily demonstrations, to face again police brutality, and to arrive almost at the brink of another holocaust, before the Department of Justice finally acceded and appointed federal registrars. The open door to freedom turned out in practice to be but slightly ajar, and even after mass action only a sliver of freedom was sliced off and served to a desperately hungry people.

Title Six of the same act had armed the government with substantial power finally to force school desegregation. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare wrote militant letters to school boards explicitly declaring that federal muscle would be used to break the resistance of a decade. Yet when the sound and fury abated, school desegregation continued merely to crawl forward.

The poverty program, which in concept elated the Negro poor, became so embroiled in political turmoil that its insufficiencies were magnified by paralyzing manipulations. Big-city machines felt threatened by it and small towns, particularly in the South, directed it away from Negroes. Its good intentions and limited objectives were frustrated by the skillful maneuvers of experienced politicians. The worst aspect of these negative experiences was the doubt cast upon the program as a whole and the discredit sustained by those Negroes involved directly in its administration. To launch a program with high-minded goals and to fail to safeguard it from opportunists and enemies amounted to sabotage, whether deliberate or undeliberate. It should have been obvious that Negroes, who alone were under pressure for results, would encounter difficulties in administration. They were ill prepared to handle the complexities that attended any novel and wide-ranging program. Yet they would have been successful even with their limitations if their efforts had not been impeded in so many instances by hostile municipal officials. At almost every turn malevolent press reports and irresponsible charges denigrated the projects that Negroes headed. Rumors and suspicions of corruption and waste proliferated until it became a hazard to assume responsibility.

Only a few weeks ago the President presented a plan to Congress for rebuilding entire slum neighborhoods. With other elements of the program it would, in his words, make the decaying cities of the present into "the masterpieces of our civilization." This plan is imaginative; it embodies social vision and properly defines racial discrimination as a central evil. However, the ordinary Negro, though no social or political analyst, will be skeptical. He knows how many laws exist in Northern states and cities that prohibit discrimination in housing, in education and in employment; he knows how many overlapping commissions exist to enforce the terms of these laws—and he knows how he lives. The ubiquitous discrimination in his daily life tells him that more laws on paper, no matter how breath-taking their terminology, will not guarantee that he will live in a "masterpiece of civilization." Laws affirming Negro rights have in every case been circumvented by ingenious evasions which render them void in practice. Laws that affect the whole population—draft laws, income-tax laws, traffic laws—do work, even though they are unpopular; but laws passed for the Negro's benefit are so widely unenforced that it is a mockery to call them laws. The missing ingredient is no longer the will of governments to enact legislation; what is absent is the will to make it operative. There is a double standard in the enforcement of law, and a double standard in the respect for particular laws.

The Negro in 1966 now challenges society to make law real on the neighborhood level, down in the ghetto streets where he lives, works and seeks opportunity. Equal protection of the law is still substantially a national myth and a national disgrace in the reality of Negro life. In 1966, the Negro response is no longer a passive skepticism, nor is it expressed in the cynicism of inaction. A decade of sporadic and sometimes coordinated nonviolent action has educated him in the methodology of social change. He has learned how to compel the enactment of law, how to utilize to a degree some laws and how to expose spurious laws. He has learned that his adversaries are cunning, skillful and resourceful in obstruction and evasion. He has learned that governments do equivocate and retreat, no matter how exultant they are when they seek credit for legislation. Finally he has learned something about himself: *Negroes are not now merely a subject of change but an active organ of change.* This is the new political equation in contemporary society.

The regression of government after momentum has developed, the omission of the necessary planning and implementation to give reality to the law, are not accidental phenomena. The defaults merge into a pattern reminiscent of the period following the Civil War. Chattel slavery was abolished, but a program to transform slaves into citizens was omitted. Negroes left the plantations in hundreds of thousands expecting that the government that freed them would pursue the logic of its own act and create a structure into which they could fit. When this was not done, Negroes themselves improvised, sacrificed and struggled to gain a foothold on secure shores. However, the omissions inexorably caught up with them, and their enemies, only partially defeated, gained the breathing spell to reassemble and renew their power. The era of hope ended with the return of Negroes to a more sophisticated form of slavery that was to last nearly a century.

The danger of this period is not that Negroes will lose their gains. History will not repeat itself in a simple cycle. It can, however, fail to move forward and can become stalled on a higher plateau without prospect of reaching the summit.

The white power structure had to remake the South and Negroes seized the moment of change to fit the fabric to their needs. Evolving modern industrialism is being forced to reshape urban centers into which 70 per cent of the population is already absorbed. Once again Negroes will not allow change to flow around them, but will insistently demand to be elevated with the majority. The key question now confronting the nation is whether a swiftly transforming society is to be permitted to give tokens to the Negro, while the white population ascends to new levels of social development.

Historic decisions have yet to be made which will determine the context of the future. The dominant white majority appears to lack policy and sincere purpose, but the

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Negroes, contrary to common belief, have a policy and a program. Having driven a sharp wedge into the once solid wall of resistance, they plan to hammer it in with increased force and vigor. Already they have shaken the political foundations of the South. Where once Atlanta was a singular example of Negro political emergence, today tremors are shaking state-wide areas of segregation. Utilizing the 1965 Voting Act where it was implemented, and acting without it where it was nullified by inaction, Negroes have patiently built significant voting power. They are a major factor in the forthcoming gubernatorial race in Alabama, that symbol of implacable resistance. In six counties of the state Negro registration exceeded white by the end of 1965. The hallowed state capitol, from which the Confederate flag still flies, will be host to black legislators, estimated at not less than eight members in the House and one member in the Senate.

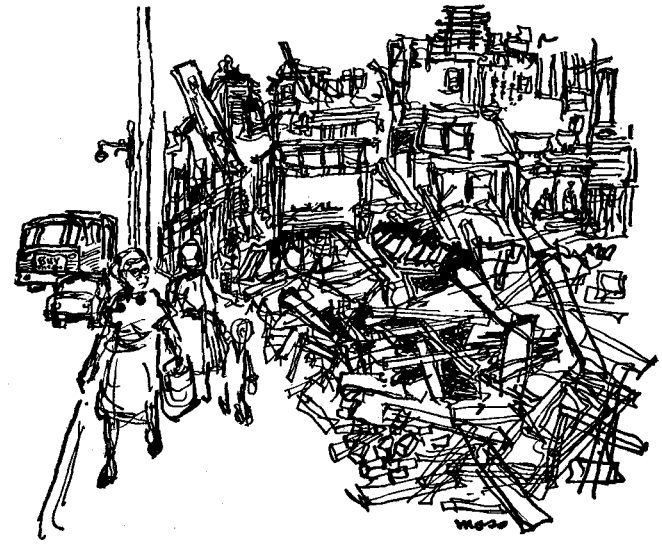
More important than this, however, is the transformation of the old segregationist official from a single-minded racist into something approximating a Northern style politician. In January, in Alabama, as the lines of black people stretched before registration offices day and night, the state Democratic Party removed the slogan of white supremacy from the party symbol. It may still live on in many hearts, but it is disappearing from tongues. Two years ago, I wrote in *The Nation* that the solid South was already fissuring along a seam that divided the industrializing regions from the old plantation South. Today the entire Old South is in dissolution. The momentum of change will not abate. Negroes are signing themselves into citizenship at the rate of thousands each day.

In the North, a new, more complex front is emerging. Neglected during the entire period of change, the slums are smoldering and seething. It would have been wiser for white America to have seen for itself that the slums were intolerable and dispersed them. But many white people of even reasonably good will simply know too little of the agony of ghetto existence to make slums as dispensable as segregated lunch counters. People of ill will still stubbornly cling to the determination to maintain a double standard of social and economic justice.

The experience of SCLC in Chicago already indicates that Negroes of the North are prepared to move and that token concessions will not blunt their drive. When 168 organizations representing all levels of the community are able to unite around a militant program to end slums, ghettos are on the way out even though for the moment they maintain their bleak existence.

When SCLC went into Birmingham in 1963, we said that if this capital of segregation suffered even a single defeat the effects would radiate across the South. Birmingham has met a succession of defeats and is influencing not only the South but the North as well. Chicago is the capital of segregation in the North; transformations of its slums will leave no Northern city secure with its own.

Mass nonviolent action continues to be *the* effective tactic of the movement. Many, especially in the North, argue that the maximum use of legislation, welfare and anti-poverty programs now replaces demonstrations, and



that overt and visible protest should now be abandoned. Nothing could prove more erroneous than to demobilize at this point. It was the mass-action movement that engendered the changes of the decade, but the needs which created it are not yet satisfied. Without the will to unity and struggle Negroes would have no strength, and reversal of their successes could be easily effected. The use of creative tensions that broke the barriers of the South will be as indispensable in the North to obtain and extend necessary objectives.

These are partial elements of the Negro's program for freedom. Beyond these is one of singular importance which will be featured in the North—economic security. This is usually referred to as the need for jobs. The distinction made here between economic security and jobs is not semantic. A job in our industrial society is not necessarily equivalent to security. It is too often undercut by layoffs. No element of the working people suffers so acutely from layoffs as Negroes, traditionally the first fired and the last hired. They lack the seniority other workers accumulate because discrimination thwarts long-term employment. Negroes need the kind of employment that lasts the year through. They need the opportunity to advance on the job; they need the type of employment that feeds, clothes, educates and stabilizes a family. Statistics that picture declining rates of unemployment veil the reality that Negro jobs are still substandard and evanescent. The instability of employment reflects itself in the fragile character of Negro ambitions and economic foundations.

Whether the solution be in a guaranteed annual wage, negative income tax or any other economic device, the direction of Negro demands has to be toward substantive security. This alone will revolutionize Negro life, including family relations and that part of the Negro psyche that has lately become conspicuous—the Negro male ego.

Our nation is now so rich, so productive, that the continuation of persistent poverty is incendiary because the poor cannot rationalize their deprivation. We have yet to confront and solve the international problems created by our wealth in a world still largely hungry and miserable. But more immediate and pressing is the domestic existence of poverty. It is an anachronism in the second half of the

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20th century. Only the neglect to plan intelligently and adequately and the unwillingness genuinely to embrace economic justice enable it to persist.

Social conflict is not the product of skilled agitation. The apathy from which Negroes suffered for so long was derived from their powerlessness and their acceptance of the myth that abundance was not available. They are now accumulating power; they are taught by every media of communication that we are so opulent we can enjoy both butter and guns. That is why they confront the white power structure with their program and challenge it to produce one of its own. The creative combining of both programs would unite social and economic justice into a single package of freedom.

The Negro in 1966 does not issue his challenge in isolation. Selma in 1965 made clear that there are white Americans who cherish decency and democracy; who will physically come to the scene of danger; who will fight for their nation not only on foreign battlefields but where its integrity is threatened within its borders. When 50,000 Americans, white and Negro, Protestant, Catholic, Jew and nonbeliever, assembled in haste from all corners of the land at Montgomery, there lived again in a luminous moment the spirit of the Minute Men who at Lexington and Concord electrified the world.

Negroes expect their freedom, not as subjects of benevolence but as Americans who were at Bunker Hill, who toiled to clear the forests, drain the swamps, build the roads—who fought the wars and dreamed the dreams the founders of the nation considered to be an American birthright.

CONGRESS & FOREIGN POLICY

THE TIMID POLITICAL WILL

EDWARD A. KOLODZIEJ

Assistant professor of government, University of Virginia, Mr. Kolodziej will publish this spring The Uncommon Defense and Congress, 1945-1963 *(Ohio State University Press).*

The most critical questions raised by last month's Fulbright hearings did not concern the present situation in South Vietnam. Why, one is compelled to ask, did the Congressional probe come so late, long after it might have had a salutory impact on United States policies in that area, and why has there not been a continuing Congressional debate, not only on Vietnam but on all aspects of American global strategy and foreign policy?

A study of these puzzling questions reveals fundamental weaknesses in popular and Congressional attitudes toward foreign policy and in the institutional response of Congress in defining that policy. Since its inception during the Eisenhower administration, the Vietnamese commitment has been shrouded in secrecy. The demand for secrecy and, concomitantly, for limiting public and Congressional debate, grew progressively as American involvement became deeper in the 1960s. The underlying justification for these constraints was, and still is, that the nation lives in a hostile world and domestic dissent must be suppressed lest the enemy gain from internal disagreement. The logical corollary is that only through such restraint can sufficient national will, including human and material resources, be harnessed to defeat the enemy on the battlefield or at the conference table.

It is in this frame of mind that the Congress has repeatedly been asked to make solemn pronouncements in support of contemplated Presidential actions abroad, whether in South Vietnam, the Middle East, the Formosa Straits or Greece. These resolutions, framed in the broadest possible language, inevitably give the President the broadest freedom of action and discretion. He is handed a blank check on which to write the amount of American commitment to a variety of often dubious foreign projects, without continued and close Congressional review and consent. In effect, Congress mortgages its moral and political right to influence and criticize the application of Administration policy. It cannot very easily criticize the President's actions when it has so generously defined his mandate. The evolution of Vietnamese policy exemplifies the unhappy consequences of Congress' abdication of its governmental responsibilities, now only belatedly and imperfectly discharged by the Fulbright hearings.

The periodic and almost ritual affirmations of Congressional resolve to support the President have the added pernicious effect of creating the misleading impression that fundamental decisions on foreign policy have been taken after careful Congressional scrutiny. A considerable part of the ideal of democratic government—that government policies rest on a majority consensus forged in heated debate and discussion—is thus sacrificed to the claims of strategic necessity.

But need the sacrifice continue? While it is foolish, if not a little dangerous, to doubt that the nation lives in a turbulent and perilous world, it is equally simplistic to think that this condition of life is temporary or atypical. The mass of the American people and even the Congress may not realize it, but the United States has lived in precarious circumstances throughout most of this century. The traditional principle that the President and the government should be unreservedly and uncritically supported for the duration of a current crisis is therefore of doubtful applicability. The crises facing the nation have mounted, multiplied, and been almost continuous since World War II, and there is little likelihood that the future will bring relief.

In this context, urgent and sustained calls for unity in foreign affairs lose their force. However valid any particular appeal may be, there is now the serious danger that a consistent pattern of suppressing differences will become ha-

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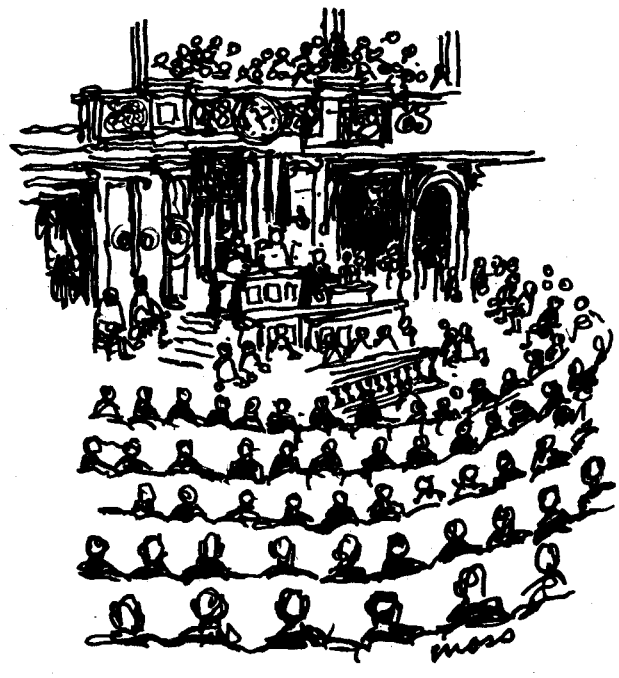

bitual and that the nation will become accustomed to a radical and ominous transformation in its system of government.

And for what purpose? The frenetic search for security through secrecy, deception and managed news can lead ultimately only to the loss of the security so avidly sought. In a democracy, enduring and effective security and foreign policies imply broad popular consensus based on full knowledge of objectives and their implications. An ignorant or coerced Congress and public are not dependable elements in constructing and executing an effective foreign policy, particularly as they become increasingly aware that they have been misled or duped. What is more, policies are likely to be sounder if they are adopted after sharp and exacting debate over the alternatives available, and to be more responsive to new conditions if subjected to periodic and systematic review. By such means the nation avoids, for example, the ossification of policy positions so characteristic of totalitarian regimes.

Debate may give a superficial impression of internal rupture and rift, but its proper functions are to inform and, equally important, to help the nation and Congress choose from among alternative proposals. Strong, not weak, policies are its aim: a united, not divided, nation its principal objective. If debate on foreign and security policy takes place only episodically, erratically, and then only haphazardly, rather than on a systematic and predictable basis, especially when the vital interests of the nation are at stake, how can those abroad avoid the supposition that deep fissures exist in public opinion when debate does suddenly and unexpectedly erupt? How can the nation convince others that debate and decision are intrinsic parts of its governing process, that they are sources of strength, not weakness, if it has not convinced itself?

A point generally overlooked is the formidable obstacle that the existing organization of Congress, with its fragmentation of power and responsibility among a bewildering number of committees, places in the way of greater and more probing foreign policy debate. Devising a coherent foreign policy implies an overall knowledge of the nation's goals abroad, the threats, military and nonmilitary, to their realization and—most critical of all, since national resources are inherently limited—hard choices as to which objectives will be supported, for how long and to what extent. Congress, however, does not operate that way. Strategic and foreign policy problems, encompassing a variety of military and nonmilitary factors, are broken down and parceled out among a host of independent and often conflicting committees in the areas of foreign relations, armed services, government operations and atomic energy—to name only a few. Further refinements are made in the appropriations subcommittees that parallel in number and complexity the standing and special committees.

Foreign policy issues, having been meticulously divided among the committees in terms of narrow jurisdictional prerogatives, are not subsequently pieced together to form a synthetic view and comprehensive evaluation of the nation's foreign and security policies. Instead, each committee concentrates on gathering disparate and not necessarily related scraps of information that fall within its area of interest. The task of systematically coordinating the information and insight of the various committees, a precondition to constructive Congressional debate of Administration proposals, is neglected, indeed consciously shunned. Yet it is only by posing alternatives that Congress can exert a beneficial effect on foreign policy.

As a result of existing Congressional arrangements in the legislature, the pattern of Congressional understanding of the foreign and security imperatives facing the nation is as coherent as a blind man's attempt to make a crazy-quilt rug. Some legislators stress economy, others the threat of Red Chinese expansion, still others Soviet penetration of Latin America or an alleged internal Communist threat. Lacking guidelines to select among the foreign policy problems that come before it in terms of their relative importance and mutual implications, and having little incentive to develop them, Congress is poorly equipped to enlighten itself or the public, even less the executive branch, by discussion and debate.

The dispersal of power in Congress produces not only a shriveled political intelligence but also a timid political will. Expediency breeds in an atmosphere of decentralized power where policy is the product of shifting, unstable coalitions from problem to problem. Each Congressman and committee, operating willy-nilly from a position of weakness, is induced to press for only marginal alterations in existing policies, or to avoid raising profound questions at any point in a pattern of marginal shifts in Administration proposals, although the accumulation of changes over time, as in Vietnam, may fundamentally transform the nation's position abroad. Unable through their own efforts to change policies in any significant degree, each legislator and committee commits his piece of power to limited purposes. The rule of thumb is simple enough: the broader the issues raised the larger the number of interests and viewpoints that are challenged, and, accordingly, the more powerful the potential opposition that may be galvanized. Legislators are conditioned to believe that it is better to seek changes in those policies that can be revised by the small

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amount of power at their respective disposal, than to attempt to move mountains by one's intellect and rhetoric and still remain ineffective.

While many thus brawl and battle over marginal adjustments of policy, others adopt less taxing courses of action. They either oppose most Administration initiatives, especially those requiring the expenditure of funds for economic aid abroad (as in the cases of Reps. John Rooney and Otto Passman), or they shirk foreign policy programs and wager their meager chips of power solely for personal ends. If a stand on a foreign policy issue cannot be avoided, there are compelling incentives to ally with the President. The legislator thus gains a powerful friend where otherwise he might create a formidable enemy. Thus Congressional styles differ, but in the end they all share the defect that none prompts the legislator, individually or working through committee, to search for major alternatives to Administration proposals that might improve the nation's position and image abroad.

Given the debilitating effect of decentralized power and responsibilities in Congress, it is surprising that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings have been held at all. Their tardiness conforms to a general pattern that has emerged from World War II. Only when outside shocks have been administered, as in the case of the Korean War in 1950, the flight of Sputnik in 1957, and the prospect of general war in Asia in 1966, does the Congressional policy process respond—temporarily and traumatically—to meet a clear and present danger to the nation's interests and objectives. Once the emergency has passed, it returns to its curious organization and procedural habits. The policy process thus falls further and further behind the accelerating rate of revolutionary developments abroad that it is supposed to influence and shape.

While no ready cure exists to make Congress more adaptive to foreign policy problems, it would be useful to seize upon the annual passage of the federal budget as an occasion to review and debate the entire range of the government's policies on a timely and predictable basis. A change of this nature would require the reintroduction of a general appropriations bill into Congress in place of the present practice of passing twelve to fifteen disparate and seemingly unrelated appropriations measures during each Congressional session. The budget, which is the President's plan for the distribution of the government's resources, outlines the cost and presumed benefits of both foreign and domestic programs. The human and material resources needed to achieve stated goals are revealed at that time, and comparisons can be made as to the utility and wisdom of each. The relation of foreign and domestic policies can be more clearly grasped if they are viewed as integral parts of a larger allocation process. Since the budgetary cycle is annual, a comprehensive review and debate of federal policies can easily be regularized and institutionalized. Deviations from existing policies from year to year can be more quickly and sharply identified for special examination and debate. Debate on the federal budget can become the core of the legislative process and the basis for a more informed public and a more influential and effective Congress. But it is important to recognize that improvement in this context, though it might be significant, would be only a start. It would much resemble the first incision of a major operation to save a dying patient who is not at all sure that he is suffering from an implacable ailment, and objects, violently, to each necessary step in the operation.

TWO GI'S IN LIMBO

HARRY W. ERNST

Mr. Ernst is Washington correspondent for The Charleston *(W. Va.)* Gazette.

"I have little doubt they will be spending Christmas with their families," the Associated Press quoted an unidentified U.S. official in Bangkok. "They left Korat Monday afternoon (Dec. 6) aboard an Air Force plane bound for the U.S.," *The New York Times* reported.

But three months later Sgt. George E. Smith of Chester, W. Va., and SP/5 Claude E. McClure of Chattanooga, Tenn., who criticized the Vietnamese war after they were freed by the Vietcong in November, still haven't arrived in the United States. They may be lucky if they spend Christmas, 1966, with their families.

The enlistments of Smith and McClure expired while they were prisoners, but the Army says that their status as enlisted men continues until they are discharged, which won't be until the charges against them are cleared up. The Army has told inquiring Congressmen that it intends to keep the two young soldiers on Okinawa until it disposes of their case. "The Army never said they would be flown home for Christmas," a Pentagon spokesman said.

After getting as far as Okinawa, Smith and McClure were charged with aiding the enemy "in its efforts against the United States by preparing, furnishing and delivering to the Vietcong certain documents, statements and writings inimical to the interests of the United States."

No such documents have been released by the Army, which says a preliminary investigation is still under way to determine whether the charges should be dismissed or the two soldiers should be brought to trial. The Army denies that they are being held incommunicado as several peace groups have charged. Newsmen have been unable to interview Smith and McClure, but the Army says that this is at their request, made through the "legally qualified military counsel" assigned to them. "Sergeants Smith and McClure are on a full-duty status at an Army installation and have not been under any form of restraint," the Army wrote several Congressmen. "They have been permitted to send and receive mail, make telephone calls, visit service clubs and libraries as they desire."

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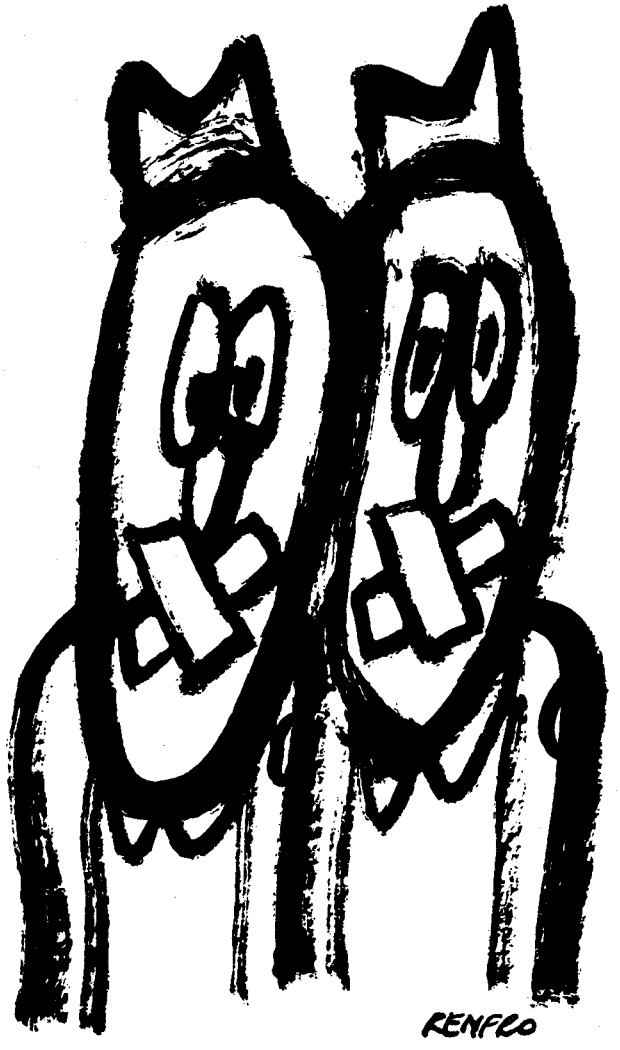
An ocean between them and their country obviously isn't considered a "form of restraint" by the Army. The curious way in which the Smith-McClure case has been handled, coupled with the Johnson Administration's low marks for credibility in matters concerning the Vietnamese war, challenges the Army's picture of the two soldiers sipping beer and browsing through magazines on a Pacific island while facing possible execution (the maximum penalty for aiding the enemy).

Why did the Army apparently switch signals on other U.S. officials and fly Smith and McClure to Okinawa instead of home for Christmas? After all, they had been prisoners of the Vietcong, which overran their Special Forces camp near Saigon in 1963, for two years. Wouldn't it have been only simple decency to reunite them with their families while the investigation proceeded?

Why have newsmen been unable to talk with them on Okinawa? If it is because of concern that pre-trial publicity might be detrimental to their case, why hasn't the Army said so? Its failure to use that argument, which would bolster its position, especially if the men were returned to the U.S., indicates that the Army isn't deeply concerned about such legal safeguards.

Peace groups suspect that the Army's real motive in keeping the two soldiers on the other side of the globe is to avoid stirring already troublesome anti-war sentiments at home. After they were released by the Vietcong, Smith and McClure said they wanted to see strong efforts made to end the war in Vietnam, which they doubted the U.S. could win.



"The inference is inescapable that these men are being held in Okinawa to penalize them for their views . . . and to prevent their return to the United States where they might be able to tell their story to the American people," Mrs. Margaret Russell wrote President Johnson. She is chairman of the Washington Area Committee on Vietnam.

The case of Smith and McClure also raises a basic constitutional issue that could become critical as more American soldiers are sent to Vietnam. Arthur John Keeffe, professor of law at Catholic University in Washington and an authority on military justice, says the Army possibly has no legal right to detain Smith and McClure.

Keeffe was chairman of a naval board that reviewed the court-martial sentences of 2,500 men in Navy prisons at the end of World War II. The board's report became the basis for the Uniform Code of Military Justice under which Smith and McClure have been charged. Keeffe argues that Smith and McClure are in effect accused of disloyalty or treason (aiding the enemy). He thinks it would be unconstitutional for the Army to court-martial them on such a charge because the Constitution requires the holding of treason trials in federal district courts before juries and the government must establish that an overt act of treason was committed.

"It looks like their case might be won with competent legal defense," Keeffe observed. "But a writ of *habeas corpus* [requiring the Army to bring them before a civilian court] should be filed against Secretary of Defense McNamara in a regular U.S. District Court."

However, no one supposes that the Army officers assigned to defend Smith and McClure will raise the constitutional issue by appealing to civilian courts. Such action would be interpreted by their superiors as an indictment of military justice.

Although the American Civil Liberties Union is investigating the case, it doesn't now have any clients to represent even if it decides to become involved. Smith and McClure are on faraway Okinawa where the Army says they aren't being held incommunicado but only want to be left alone. And thus far their families have shunned offers of free legal aid. Smith's mother, Mrs. Thomas M. Potts of Chester, W. Va., says she has been advised by a friend that it is "better to keep it quiet right now and not have anything in the papers."

The Smith-McClure case already resembles a tale by Kafka. No one but their accusers are able to talk with the two soldiers whose enlistments have expired, but who are charged with a serious if vaguely defined crime that supposedly rests on evidence which only their accusers have seen. Pre-trial publicity may be the only hope of assuring justice for Smith and McClure. If the President really cares about the credibility of his Administration, he should return the two soldiers to the United States, make certain that they are provided with competent civilian legal counsel, and permit newsmen to question them in the presence of their attorneys.

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AN AMERICAN IN CUBA: PART I

SEEING ORIENTE IN A JEEP

ERWIN ROY JOHN

Some months ago, Dr. John was in Havana, attending an International Conference on Cortical-Subcortical Relationships in Sensory Perception, at the invitation of the Cuban Academy of Sciences. At the close of the conference, which had been preceded by a formal tour of the countryside, he made the proposal which resulted in the experiences detailed below and in a second installment to be published next week. Dr. John is research professor and director of the Brain Research Laboratories, New York Medical College.

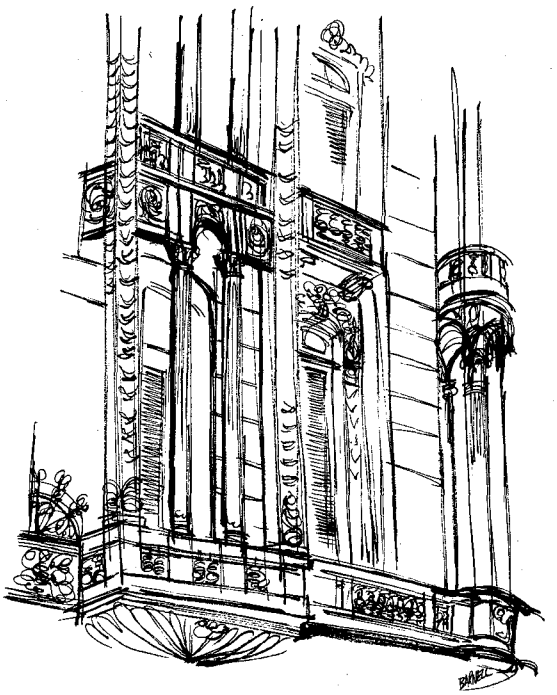
The day before the International Conference ended, my American colleague and I went to a reception with President Dorticos. Since American participation had been an unprecedented relaxation of our ostracism of Cuba, he found the time to chat with us and said, in passing, that it was a shame we had not more opportunity to form our own impressions of Cuba. I responded politely, but stored his comment away in my memory. The next day, Capitán Nuñez-Jiménez, president of the Cuban Academy of Sciences, spoke at the closing session of the symposium. Afterwards, the participants were all invited to take a formal tour of Oriente province, including the Sierra Maestra mountains where Castro began his bid for power.

Purely on impulse, I approached Capitán Nuñez-Jiménez, and told him that further formal exposure to Cuba, however pleasant, was too artificial and contrived for me to get any trustworthy impressions. Emboldened by his nod of agreement, I made what I thought was an outrageous suggestion. I offered to spend several days exploring Cuba if he arranged the following: I wanted to be flown to Santiago de Cuba in Oriente province, to be provided with a jeep, a good mountain driver, an interpreter and a document from the government authorizing me to go where I pleased and do whatever I might choose to do. In exchange, I would undertake on my return home to tell whoever might be interested exactly what I saw, whether good or bad. As I spoke, a spark of interest came to his eyes, and he replied: "That's an extremely interesting idea. I'll let you know."

The fact that I was willing to make the proposal is itself perhaps one striking indication of the impressions I received about Cuba. However, I expected to hear nothing further about it, or at most to receive a polite refusal. The next night was the beginning of Carnival, and I was standing with a group of scientists engrossed in studying clusters of semi-clothed young ladies perched on extravagantly decorated floats, when a slim young *miliciano* tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Come." Reluctantly, I followed him through the crowd to the corner, where I found Nuñez-Jiménez waiting. He handed me an envelope and said: "It has been arranged. You will leave tomorrow morning. Your interpreter will be at the hotel at 6 A.M. Have a good trip."

The envelope was inscribed: "To all civil and military authorities." The official document inside said in part: "The wishes of Dr. John are those of the Revolutionary Government. We thank you in advance for your cooperation with him in all possible ways." It bore the seal of the Academy and was signed by Capitán Nuñez-Jiménez.

At 6 the next morning, I met my interpreter in the hotel lobby. Efraim Trujillo left Cuba in the early 1950s and came to New York, where he started a successful decorating business. In 1959, he returned to Cuba because, as he put it, "I am a Cuban, and I wanted to build a new Cuba." He was a sportily dressed young man, habitually wearing sunglasses and a sweater. He spoke fluent English. My high school Spanish is halting, but adequate for slow speech and understanding slow conversation. The ground rules which we immediately laid down were that Trujillo would speak slowly and would translate all the conversations sentence by sentence, so that I could keep tabs on all that was said. He was an enthusiastic participant in my project, and insisted throughout our travels that everyone answer the sense of my questions.



We drove to the airport, where we boarded a flight for Santiago de Cuba. Upon our arrival, we found waiting a Russian Yak jeep and our driver, a young bearded ruffian named José Ismael Gendis. "El Morro," as he was called, was a native of the Sierra Maestra, and proved that he could drive a jeep where goats were hesitant to go. This 23-year-old was also extremely considerate, not only asking frequently whether he could be of service, but departing at a gallop to do whatever I might ask.

We ate a hasty lunch of cold crayfish, as a prelude to leaving civilization, and piled into the jeep. I had learned before leaving Havana that one of the major political prisons was at Boniato, a half hour's drive outside Santiago, and announced that we would visit it. Trujillo was dubious about our chances of getting in, but agreed that it was worth trying. As we pulled up at the main gate of the prison, I raised

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my camera to get a snapshot of the guards for the folks back home, and found myself staring down the barrel of a Russian submachine gun. The guard leveling the gun told me that one did not take pictures. After some haggling and study of my precious letter, Trujillo persuaded him to lower his gun and let me keep my camera.

The lieutenant in charge of the guard detail then appeared and took us to the office of the *comandante,* a brusque and stolid individual who wanted to know what business we had in his territory. We explained that I was an American interested in learning about the living conditions of political prisoners, and that I had permission to do so. The *comandante* was not very sympathetic to the idea, although he remained scrupulously polite throughout. When I said that I wanted to tour the prison, talk with the prisoners and photograph what was of interest, he reached for a book on his desk. "These are the regulations I am instructed to carry out, and they explicitly forbid anyone from talking with or photographing the prisoners. Unless my superior, the Minister of the Interior, arrives personally and so instructs me, I must adhere to these regulations. You may tour the prison, but no conversation and no pictures." I agreed to abide by the rules.

We left the office and walked through the prison grounds, which consisted of about twenty large barracks and mess halls surrounded by open land. I noticed several groups of prisoners lounging in the shade of the buildings. Two such groups included men with guitars, and occasionally bursts of song could be heard. A baseball game was in progress on a diamond behind the barracks, with both guards and prisoners participating. Guards were on first and second, with two strikes on the batter when we entered a nearby barracks. Each cell block was locked, and armed guards were in the entrance way. Inside, the men were taking showers, dozing on their bunks or watching television. A few were cooking their dinners on gas stoves which were in each cell. I was informed that families were permitted to send food to supplement the prison diet. Everyone looked adequately fed. The cells were unlocked. A prisoner and a guard were playing chess in the aisle. Laundered clothes were hanging in several cells. Each cell contained six to eight bunks arranged in tiers two or three high. Everything was scrupulously clean.

At the end of each cell block was a classroom, with about twenty desks and a blackboard. The first we entered contained a group of eight prisoners and a prisoner instructor. They were engaged in a class on long division. The prisoner at the blackboard was obviously embarrassed by his inability to handle the problem. On the wall were charts of the solar system, a world map and a slogan: "Education is the battlefield for our fight against the past."

Prisoners work six hours daily at various jobs. Many of them spend several hours a day in the classroom, on a voluntary basis. I was told that most, but not all, of the prisoners participate. With apparent pride, the *comandante* informed me that 95 per cent of the prisoners in his custody are now literate, compared to 40 per cent literacy when they were imprisoned. I was surprised by the implication that many of the prisoners were peasants and workers; I had supposed that they would come predominantly from the middle class. The rehabilitation program includes training in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, mechanics, carpentry, agricultural methods and politics.

Prisoners receive occasional passes to go home, can be released when they have learned a trade or when "political acceptance" seems to have been accomplished. I would estimate that there were about 5,000 prisoners at Boniato. I have been told that there are about 12,000 political prisoners altogether, and that from 300 to 400 are released each month. The most recent execution of which I heard was in April, 1964, of one man who supposedly betrayed a group of four who plotted the assassination of Batista.

My request to visit the sick bay was refused, for unstated reasons. It may well be that there are areas in the prison which I did not visit and where a different picture could be seen. In the portion that I did see, however, there was no evidence of brutality or mistreatment of prisoners. There is an obvious and intensive rehabilitation program, adequate food and housing. At the same time, discipline is strict. Barracks snap to attention when an officer enters, and the prisoners are most definitely in prison. Their conditions seemed at least as good as those of the German POWs whom I guarded for a brief period after World War II.

From Boniato, I swung around to the southwest and headed up into the Sierra Maestra foothills. The road was good and we climbed quickly. Our route took us through well-tended countryside, dotted with small houses surrounded by shrubs and kitchen gardens. Chickens, pigs and goats were abundantly evident. The farm workers whom we passed were using hand implements, and I saw no agricultural machinery, although occasionally a truck lumbered through a field. As the afternoon wore on, we passed groups of children playing baseball. The several small towns along our route were uniformly dreary but clean. Many houses had battered American cars parked nearby. Boys wore shirts and jeans or dungarees, and girls wore colorful print dresses. All children were wearing shoes. Adults were often clustered around open-air coffee stands, or in the corner bars which sell both beer and liquor. From time to time, we stopped for coffee or a snack. The coffee was strong and excellent. Sandwich stalls sold salami, cheese and ham sandwiches. I found the ham very good and the cheese, from the Soviet Union, tasted like sharp Cheddar. Bread was excellent. Sandwiches cost 20c to 35c; beer about 50c.

Adults were dressed casually, but were usually neat and clean. There was an air of camaraderie in the cafés, with frequent horseplay and laughter. We passed a number of store-front reading rooms and classrooms, in which groups of people were studying. Here, as in Havana and elsewhere, one got the impression that Cuba was a vast schoolroom. The "battle for the 6th," a program directed at raising the whole population to at least the 6th-grade level, is broadly publicized and appears to have enlisted genuine participation among vast numbers of workers.

At dusk, we reached Ciudad Camille Cienfuegos. Here, in the heart of the mountains, a huge school-city has recently been constructed. We arrived to find reading rooms, recreation halls and classrooms ablaze with light and full of children. We parked and walked over to a gym packed with boys and girls doing acrobatics, playing basketball and

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just milling around. The children ranged from 12 to 18 years old. They were uniformly dressed. The girls wore pink blouses and gray skirts, and the boys wore white shirts and gray pants. They were shining clean and bubbling with good spirits. Trujillo stuck his head in and watched for a while, turned to me and said: "What do I care what the *norteamericanos* think? This is what the revolution was for!"

We enlisted a friendly student to find a professor, who appeared shortly and amiably provided us with a guest bungalow for the night. This was a neat, sparsely furnished three-bedroom dwelling with a kitchen. We ate ham sandwiches and beer which El Morro organized from somewhere, and went out to watch the children for a while. Groups of girls and boys were marching to and fro, chanting in cadence and singing in unison. This militaristic activity was a jarring note in an otherwise pleasant picture, but the drill appeared to be voluntary, children falling into ranks or drifting away as their mood dictated. I struck up a conversation with a young man who had taught music in the school for two years. He had studied in private school and with the director of the Santa Clara symphony. He and a group of other teachers provided me with information about the curriculum and procedures of the school.

There are presently four working units in the city, and two more which I saw were to begin operation in a month. About 1,900 students are now in residence, and the two new units will accommodate 1,000 each. These students are brought together from the mountain schools, of which there are at present 638. Some of these schools are staffed by only one teacher, the largest have twelve. The total student enrollment in mountain schools is 35,000. According to the principal of one of them, there were only eighteen schools in this region before the revolution.

The organization of these schools varies. Some are day schools, with students receiving lunch at school. Some, in more sparsely settled areas, are weeklong boarding schools; students arrive each Monday morning and depart each Friday evening. At Ciudad Cienfuegos, students live from February to October. Families come to visit on Sunday. In November, half the students go home for a month's vacation, while the other half study agriculture by on-the-job training at school farms. In December, these groups switch. Regular schools have a three-month vacation.

The students at Ciudad Cienfuegos now come from the Sierra Maestra, and have been selected to become secondary schoolteachers. Next summer, the program will be changed to a technological and agricultural high school. Students from Oriente, and from the Escambria and Cordillera mountain regions in Piñar del Rio, will come here after they finish the 9th grade. Four thousand students from those areas are presently housed in student areas in Havana, receiving intensive training so that they can enter Ciudad Camille Cienfuegos next summer. We saw much evidence of these students while in Havana, since they occupy an area consisting of many blocks of luxurious mansions, converted to classrooms and dormitories. The 120 teachers for this new technical school are now completing their training at Havana University. They will teach such subjects as soil chemistry, agricultural techniques, veterinary medicine. The expansion rate planned for this facility is extremely demanding, with 20,000 students and a three-year program planned by 1970. Twelve other "agri-institutes" are already in operation, scattered through the provinces, with a total enrollment of 18,000 students.

As might be expected from the crash nature of this educational program, there are obvious and glaring inadequacies in the instruction. They became apparent in interviews which I conducted the next morning with students and teachers picked at random. Teachers, frequently volunteer workers from other Latin American countries, instruct classes that are perilously close to their own educational level. The students, although bright and enthusiastic, know consistently less than one would expect from an American child at the same grade level. Extemporaneous oral quizzes, which I improvised for the clusters of students surrounding me, revealed a qualitative familiarity with such subjects as physics or geometry, but a quantitative inadequacy. When I asked a group of geometry students how they would know if a proposed formula, say for the area of a triangle, were accurate, it became clear that the idea of a geometric proof was new to them. Rote learning rather than understanding was the educational goal. Looking at the colorful modern buildings and the eager faces, one could not fail to lament the waste of the educational opportunity. Cuba must make a generation of properly taught students to serve as the teachers for these intellectually hungry youngsters, yet it lacks the trained manpower for this bootstrap operation.

Given an opportunity the children bombarded me with questions: "Why did we oppose Cuba's revolution? Why did we mistreat Negroes? Why did we bomb Vietnam?" Their attitude, like that of so many Cuban adults I had

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met, reflected inability to understand our actions rather than hostility.

We went next to the infirmary, which we found to be a modern one-story building, staffed by young University of Havana graduates, full of pride for their hospital. The hospital contained eighty-five beds, of which seventy-five were occupied. Patients included students at the school and some people from surrounding villages. Mountain folk clustered about the steps, waiting to see the doctor. The major causes of hospitalization were gastroenteritis and parasitic infection. Neither of the doctors whom I interviewed had completed a full internship. Both had graduated from the University of Havana Medical School last year; they felt able to take care of the bulk of the medical problems they faced, and sent difficult patients to Manzanilla, thirty-five min-

utes away, where there are two general hospitals. The hospital was clean and orderly. I saw Chinese, Czech, Hungarian and Soviet drugs and equipment, as well as some American instruments and drugs from the prisoner exchange. I asked the doctors if they listened to the *Voice of America.* They laughed and said they did. They enjoyed the music and thought the factual accounts broadcast about Cuba so absurdly untrue as to be ridiculous. This opinion corresponded with other comments I heard.

I found an interesting set of questions and answers written on the blackboard in the hospital classroom, apparently part of the weekly lesson in politics:

(1) What do we say when we are accused of exporting revolution? *Revolution cannot be exported, only ideas.*

(2) What can Cuba offer to other people? *Ideas and examples of how to work and help the people.*

(3) Where did our revolution come from? *Our workers, farmers and students.*

(4) When is it necessary to make a revolution? *When conditions are like those in Venezuela, in Nicaragua, in Costa Rica.*

We left the hospital in late morning and headed up into the mountains. The concrete road gave way to a dirt track, which wound and climbed through rugged and wild mountains. About an hour later we passed the construction site of a large dam, where modern earth-moving machinery was abundant. Climbing higher, we picked up two workers who were returning home after some time spent cutting cane in the valley. They felt that the volunteer cane workers from the cities were extremely helpful. Although very inefficient at first, they were usually able after several days' experience to contribute a real day's work to the harvest.

Several hours later we arrived in San Lorenzo, an orange-growing mountain village, composed largely of mud huts with thatched roofs. I had taken off my shirt during the hot drive, and as I moved to get out of the jeep El Morro reminded me that there were girls in the village. Properly covered, I asked to talk with the local priest, and was told that there was no church and no priest in San Lorenzo, nor had there ever been. Members of Jehovah's Witnesses, who are fairly active in that area, make occasional visits. A fair-sized building on the edge of the town square proved to be a school containing 1,132 students from neighboring mountain areas. Students live in school dormitories. They ranged from 11 to 16 years old, and from the 2nd to the 6th grade. The school has forty teachers, headed by a principal trained at the Santiago School for Teachers. There are four other elementary schools of comparable size in the district, and a secondary school for 5,000 students in Mina del Prio. These schools are for brighter children, and use an accelerated program, the purpose being to provide a supply of students for teacher training schools. Four other schools in the district pursue a normal curriculum.

Walking around the village, I saw a woman drawing water in a bucket from a small stream, and asked her if we might chat for a moment. She had two small children, playing by the side of the stream. Her husband works in the grocery store as a clerk, for 75 pesos a month. I asked her how well she could manage for her family on that income. She said she worked in the drugstore as a clerk and also made 75 pesos a month. She said that she could feed her family adequately. They have meat every Saturday night, eggs several times a week and an occasional chicken. Enough money is left to buy clothes or cloth for sewing. I asked what she wanted most for her house, and she said she had everything she needed. Pointing to the small new medical clinic on the edge of the village, she indicated that the village people were well off.

The grocery store was across the square from the school, and I went over to check the stocks and prices of a mountain store. After drinking a lemon soda, we asked the proprietor if we might look at the storeroom behind the counter. Abundant supplies of the following were on the shelves:

Rice, 20c/lb.; white flour, 9c/lb.; peanut oil, 51c/lb.; condensed milk, 20c/can; fruit soda, 5c/bottle; soap 14c/bar, unrationed canned meats from various Eastern European countries, 34c to 48c/can; various canned fruits, averaging 30c/can; and huge metal tins of crackers $4 for 200 crackers. Fresh beef costs about 40c/lb., and is rationed to permit ½ lb. for each person per week. Bread costs 20c/lb. In addition to these foods, there were Chinese pencils for 5c, glasses for 9c and flashlights for 70c. Canvas shoes cost $2.90 per pair. The *campesinos* raise their own chickens, pigs and vegetables. Hanging from nails on the wall were seven Soviet submachine guns. I picked one up and found the drum fully loaded. The storekeeper smiled and said: "We must defend our revolution!" *(To be continued)*

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BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Cities of the Dreadful Night

AN AREA OF DARKNESS. *By V. S. Naipaul. The Macmillan Company. 281 pp. $5.95.*
THE ANGUISH OF INDIA. *By Ronald Segal. Stein and Day. 319 pp. $6.50.*

EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN

A Bostonian, a journalist and novelist who has been in the American Foreign Service and has traveled widely in India, Mr. Sheehan is the author of Kingdom of Illusion *(Random House), a novel about power politics in the Middle East. He is now in Paris writing a novel about power politics in Massachusetts.*

A few years ago I had occasion to visit Calcutta and Las Vegas within the same fortnight. It would be difficult to say which of the two I found more terrifying. Nehru once called Calcutta "the city of nightmares," but it seemed to me that in its own way Las Vegas might merit a similar description. In Calcutta, strolling one afternoon by the banks of the River Hooghly, a tributary of the divine Ganges, I came upon a creature whose sex I could not at first identify, crouching in a garbage pit. He, or she, wore what seemed to be an undershirt on top and a batch of brown rags around the loins. A mop of filthy hair covered the creature's face but did not mute its cry for baksheesh, and then she lifted the brown rags to reveal the secrets of her body. Not only was she in the advanced stages of starvation, but apparently near the final phase of pregnancy as well. I stooped down, stuffed some rupees into her hands, and ran away.

A day or so later I visited the municipal crematorium down on the docks. The bodies to be burned, clad in white garments, were laid out on wooden cots and festooned with flowers. One body was not clothed as the others, and when I approached, it appeared familiar: here were the same brown rags about the loins, the same filthy undershirt, the same infested hair, brushed back now in death. In her arms she clutched a tiny, inanimate bag of skin and bones. Was this my beneficiary, I wondered, and had she borne this baby in the garbage pit by the banks of the holy Hooghly? Had some compassionate Hindu found my rupees clenched in the woman's hands and, in his reverence for the dead if not for the living, used them to pay for this modest immolation?

And then Las Vegas. What struck me most was not so much the meretricious opulence of the casinos, the vulgar vapidity of the comedians, nor even the decadence of those bronzed and pomaded patrons bunched about the slot machines. No, what I remember best is the ultraviolet lamp sterilizing the toilet seat in my motel ("*Sanitary*—For Your Protection," read the paper band around the toilet seat); the Sanitary Napkin Disposal Bag placed nearby ("For Personal Hygiene and Cleanliness—Preferred by Particular Women"); the sealed cellophane around my water tumbler ("*An Individual Service*—This glass has been made sanitary and carefully wrapped to Keep It Clean for your personal use"). All that, and the drive-in hamburger heaven, where they attached a pliable pipe to my car window and bathed me in refrigerated air while I, on that mild summer evening, munched on my Dagwood Bumsted Super-Burger.

The contrast between Calcutta and Las Vegas continued to haunt me as I read these two horrifying books on contemporary India. For if we are to accept the conclusions of V. S. Naipaul and Ronald Segal, India is in a hopeless condition, and not even a vast increase in aid could make any serious difference.

An Area of Darkness is dazzling—considerably more so than Segal's work (for Naipaul is an accomplished novelist), but for some reason the results are less impressive. One is repelled by the India that Naipaul conjures up: "The starved child defecated at the roadside while the mangy dog waited to eat the excrement." One is also slightly repelled by Naipaul. Himself an Indian, born and raised in Trinidad, educated in England, Naipaul undertook a year's journey in the land of his fathers in a tormented attempt to discover his own beginnings. But his discoveries are so inseparable from his own complexes that halfway through his pilgrimage we long to go the rest of the way without him. Nothing he sees in India seems to please him; compulsively, he ridicules practically everything he encounters. He even complains because the trains run *on time*. ("A service so complex and fine deserves a richer country"). Consequently, one wants to agree with the judgment of Raja Rao on this book: as a report on Indian conditions it is devastating; as a portrait of India it is devoid of understanding.

And yet, however much Naipaul may get on our nerves, we cannot shake off the suspicion that sometimes he understands all too well:

> They tell the story of the Sikh who, returning to India after many years, sat down among his suitcases on the Bombay docks and wept. He had forgotten what Indian poverty was like. It is an Indian story, in its arrangement of figure and properties, its pathos. It is Indian above all in its attitude to poverty as something which, thought about from time to time in the midst of other preoccupations, releases the sweetest of emotions. This is poverty, our especial poverty, and how sad it is! Poverty not as an urge to anger or improving action, but poverty as an inexhaustible source of tears, an exercise of the purest sensibility.

Pitilessly, he scrutinizes the superstition which still infests India (even cabinet ministers consult astrologists); the absurd mimicry by educated Indians of an England that never really existed (an army officer exclaims, "I say, by Jove! I feel rather bushed!"); the abandoned public defecation:

> Indians defecate everywhere. They defecate, mostly, beside the railway tracks. But they also defecate on the beaches; they defecate on the hills; they defecate on the river banks; they defecate on the streets; they never look for cover. . . . These squatting figures . . . are never spoken of; they are never written about. . . . The truth is that *Indians do not see these squatters* and might even, with complete sincerity, deny that they exist: a collective blindness arising out of the Indian fear of pollution and the resulting conviction that Indians are the cleanest people in the world.

Segal's book, much less subjective than Naipaul's, is in some respects even more discouraging. A liberal South African journalist, Segal was asked by his publishers to go to India on the theory that he would approach it without the preconceptions of someone accustomed only to the rich white societies of the West. But Segal is honest enough to spell out his preconceptions at the beginning of his book: "I can see why others may believe it more important to be holy than to be fed, but I cannot believe it. I am an unregenerate materialist and in my view no sense of mystery or grace of manner, no delicacy of movement and form, can compensate for the massive damage done by Indian hunger."

Segal and Naipaul each stresses the continuing and pervasive importance of caste in modern India. Indeed, to Segal, caste remains the fundamental rhythm of the

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subcontinent's life. Both authors find Hinduism, for all of its romantic and mystical associations, the most destructive of religions. Despite all of Gandhi and Nehru's pleadings to the contrary, it is the twin Hindu essentials of *karma* and *dharma* that continue to paralyze the great mass of India's millions: the Hindu is born into a particular caste because of his deeds in a previous life; he must accept his condition, no matter how degrading, without question. Indifference is the ultimate Hindu virtue. Under such a metaphysic, protest and reform become impossible; society remains static. Naipaul writes:

> Study these four men washing down the steps of this unpalatable Bombay hotel. The first pours water from a bucket, the second scratches the tiles with a twig broom, the third uses a rag to slop the dirty water down the steps into another bucket, which is held by a fourth. After they have passed, the steps are as dirty as before; but now above the blackened skirting-tiles the walls are freshly and dirtily splashed. The bathrooms and lavatories are foul; the slimy woodwork has rotted away as a result of this daily drenching; the concrete walls are green and black with slime. You cannot complain that the hotel is dirty. No Indian will agree with you. Four sweepers are in daily attendance, and it is enough in India that the sweepers attend. They are not required to *clean*. That is a subsidiary part of their function, which is to *be* sweepers, degraded beings, to go through the motions of degradation. . . . And to this they willingly submit. They are dirt; they wish to appear as dirt.

As for the rich, it is their caste function to be rich, which they accept with equal fatalism; to respond to the suffering of others is to be irreligious; it is their *dharma* to resist any attempt to make them share their abundance. Relatively few Indians dispute this, least of all the poor themselves—even the landless, many of whom find land reform morally repugnant.

It is Segal's thesis that under such conditions significant economic advance is out of the question—nor can it become possible until India gets a government that is truly willing and able to make a frontal assault on the immemorial character of Indian custom. He has collected an overwhelming body of evidence to prove his case. The real income of most of India's people has probably declined since independence in 1947, if for no other reason than because the population increase has simply canceled out most of the meager statistical progress that has been achieved. Human fertility in turn has contributed to the rapidly expanding specter of famine. Under the mounting pressures of population—India now has nearly 500 million people—the impoverished Indian of today is astonishingly less well fed than the one of a century ago. In 1878, the average per capita consumption of food was 25.7 oz. a day; now it is about two-thirds of that. If the population growth continues at its present rate, India will number 800 million by the late 1980s and a billion before the year 2000, when there may well be even greater starvation than there is now. In the light of all this, Segal finds India's series of Five-Year Plans "less a programme for disciplined development than an intricate exercise in wishful thinking." Indeed, by trying to compromise between the "spiritual" noncoercive reformism of Gandhi and the "secular" revolutionary theories of Nehru, the country's whole experiment in a mixed economy has fallen between the two stools. Furthermore, Nehru's failure as Prime Minister to follow through on his pre-independence Socialist ideals—his failure to pursue in any effective way his ideological conviction that India's political freedom would remain meaningless until Indian society itself had achieved economic justice—is one of the great contributing factors in the country's present predicament.

For though it is "Socialist" by doctrine and reputation, India's government in fact pampers the rich. The share of the public sector in the output of organized industry was less than 10 per cent five years ago and remains probably less than 20 per cent today. The callousness of the Indian rich is apparently without limit; they, too, are afflicted with the Indian inability to see, and to them the encompassing misery of their countrymen is simply invisible. Sixty per cent of the population earns less than $70 per capita per year, while the rich evade taxation with impunity; the top 10 per cent of the population enjoys more than a third of the national income and a quarter of the country's aggregate consumption. Moreover, it is the intimacy between government and business in India that is responsible more than any other factor for the incredible corruption which pervades the government in city and village alike. "The rulers remain remote from the ruled," Segal writes, "but the rulers are now merchants and manufacturers as well as administrators. Together they constitute a new kind of caste." The reigning Congress Party has become particularly enslaved to the entrepreneurs who, more and more, deserve to be called the ultimate rulers of India today.

Segal despairs of India until its nominal rulers begin to rule—and by that he means rule ruthlessly, restraining privilege and embracing anew Nehru's earlier exhortations to employ whatever coercion is necessary to attain the country's declared Socialist goals. "The alternative, an even further impoverishment of the poor who compose the vast majority of the Indian people, bears no real relation to democracy or freedom." One might add that Shastri, Nehru's successor, proved himself unequal to this task; he did not so much govern India as preside over its deterioration. Indeed, though India may not need a Mao, it seems to be in obvious need of an Atatürk. Whether Mrs. Indira Gandhi, Nehru's daughter and Shastri's successor, can attain to such a role remains to be seen; one tends to suspect that she cannot and will not.

Could more American aid help to turn the tide? Again, Segal appears convinced that, lacking that outright revolution in the Indian psyche itself, American aid will remain an irrelevant or at most a marginal force. Whether or not one agrees with Segal's skepticism about the future, it does seem safe to say that American aid to India since 1947 has not been very effective—nor even has it been quantitatively impressive in proportion to the population of the country and its ghastly problems. Nehru's foreign policy of nonalignment—a perfectly understandable policy under the circumstances, not the least being India's geographical propinquity to the Soviet and Chinese giants—deprived India of the immense American help it needed during the most crucial moments of economic planning. Under Dulles, the American Government was far less concerned with the destitution of the Indian people and their experiment in democracy than it was obsessed by the military threat of communism and the need for strategic alliances. Excluding arms, American aid to India in loans, grants and surplus food has exceeded $5 billion in value during the last twenty years, the preponderant part of that having been extended since 1960; moreover we have increased our food shipments following the latest drought. But even when combined with all other aid from all other countries, including the Soviet Union, the total foreign investment in India has averaged less than 81c a year per inhabitant. (In 1958-59 alone, foreign aid per capita to Israel was $46.80.) American assistance to India, even conceding all of the factors discouraging investment catalogued by Segal, has been culpably inadequate.

And so my memory of Las Vegas, juxtaposed with Calcutta, continued to form my frame of reference as I read these books. America's Gross National Product will probably exceed $720 billion in 1966. President Johnson's foreign aid budget—much of which will pay for nonproductive arms assistance and 80 per cent of which is actually to be spent within the United States—amounts to only $3.4 billion for the coming fiscal year. That represents

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only 3.5 per cent of the federal budget and less than one-half of 1 per cent of our GNP. Meanwhile, as India starves, we consecrate ourselves to the obliteration of every last microbe on our toilet seats, and to the building of bigger and better Dagwood Bumsted Super-Burgers. If the Indians suffer from the sin of indifference, then so do we. And if Indian poverty is degrading, then so—before the fact of that poverty—is American prosperity. The gulf between Calcutta and Las Vegas is as much a judgment on us as it is on Naipaul's defecating multitudes.

"But the Indians themselves don't really *want* to be helped," insist Naipaul and Segal. They may be right about that, and obviously Segal is right when he says that the fundamental resolution of India's problems can only come from within India itself. But certainly a nation that can afford to put a man on the moon can do more than it has done till now to assuage the squalor of terrestial India. A few years ago the American Congress refused to subsidize the construction of an Indian steel mill because it was "Socialist." Certainly we can begin to look beyond our own jingoism and recognize that, lacking as it does the preconditions essential to a capitalist system which is both viable and just, India needs not less socialism but a lot more. Certainly we can strive to encourage the more rapid evolution of a truly distributist (and non-Communist) regime in India. Certainly we can direct our aid, not to deflecting Indian socialism, but to helping it function effectively. The cost of such a venture might be very high. But if India badly needs to get a greater fraction of our abundance in order to go on living, then even in a worse way do we need to give it in order to go on living with ourselves.

Ho Chi Minh: Poet in Leg Irons

PRISON DIARY. *By Ho Chi Minh. Translated by Aileen Palmer. (Second Edition.) 101 pp. Hanoi: Foreign Languages Publishing House. $1 paper.*

JONATHAN MIRSKY

A teacher of Chinese at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Mirsky has recently returned from a visit to Vietnam.

It is possible that Lyndon Johnson knows that Mao Tse-tung is a poet. Someone on the President's staff may have mentioned the importance of Mao's writing poems for his image as an Asian leader, and our leading political tactician will assume that Mao engages a poem writer. But poems from the wispy old Red in Hanoi! The Chief of State after whom our President has named one of his dogs! The poems are in Chinese. Clearly this new (translated) edition must be the final link in the Washington-perceived, Hanoi-Peking chain.

The collection does, indeed, shed a faint gleam on early Vietminh-Chinese relations. In 1942, when he was 52, Ho Chi Minh was arrested as a spy in south China. The circumstances are unclear, the few authorities disagree, and Ho himself says little about the affair. For fourteen months he was ceaselessly shifted from local jail to jail under what the poems describe as arduous conditions, complete with leg irons.

Shortly before his arrest Ho briefly re-entered Vietnam for the first time in thirty years after a round-the-world conspiratorial existence which puts veterans of the Long March to shame. Who else in the Communist world (or any other) can claim to have (a) baked for Escoffier at the London Ritz; (b) helped found the French Communist Party; (c) attended the University for the Toilers of the East in Moscow; (d) lectured at the Chinese Military Academy when Chiang Kai-shek was its superintendent; (e) been imprisoned by British Security in Hong Kong and successfully defended *(in absentia)* by Sir Stafford Cripps in London, and (f) worked as a signals specialist in the Chinese Communist Eighth Route Army — all before 1942? During this period, in 1930, he had founded the Vietnamese Communist Party while watching a soccer game in Hong Kong.

The two years before his imprisonment saw a marked acceleration in Ho's drive to organize the Vietnamese Nationalist underground; they coincided with Japan's seizure of Vietnam. Returning to China Ho was arrested in the territory of a Nationalist Chinese general who probably suspected him of being a Communist agent (the general has since denied everything). The same officer, upon Ho's release in 1943, is said to have installed him in a provisional Vietnamese government-in-exile, but none of this is possible to pin down; the introduction to the *Diary* is deliberately vague, claiming that in 1943 Ho "took the road back to the frontier."

The editor remarks that Ho Chi Minh's name "has long been known to the public in the West," and that: "We do not wish to expatiate on the political life of the author." Things might be easier for everyone had the publisher been less retiring, and the *Diary* is, in fact, a valuable small lens for peering into Ho's personality.

What kind of a poet is Ho Chi Minh? He writes in Chinese, and four of the originals are included here with the translations. I confess to having scorned them at first: individually they seem banal, obvious and lacking in fresh imagery. The English translation is dull but accurate (dealing creditably with an example of Ho's ability to pun with ideographs). A French translation of the same poems by Phan Nhuan, published in Paris by Pierre Seghers, is quite delightful. But one must read the whole *Diary*.

This is, after all, a running account of prison life. The spirits of the prisoner rise and fall. Ho's poems never achieve the sweep of Mao's, but should we expect anything else when the poet is enclosed and his view limited to glimpses? Compare two poems about journeys, the first by Mao:

Mountains!
Faster I spur
my coursing horse,
never leaving the saddle,
I start as I raise my head,
For the sky is three foot three above me!
(Translated by Jerome Ch'en)

This, by Ho:

Along the way we travel, the guards
are carrying pigs.
Pigs travel on guards' shoulders, while
men are dragged in irons.
Once a man is forced to surrender his
natural human freedom
The value of a man is less than a pig.

According to the preface, Ho wrote in Chinese because "his jailers would have suspected all material written in Vietnamese." No doubt true, but more to the point is that educated Vietnamese habitually used Chinese for serious literary expression. Such an explanation is less satisfying when extolling a great nationalist hero (and nowadays the poems are available in Vietnamese). The language is simple but generally in familiar Chinese forms, although the traditional heavy use of allusion is absent. Here again Ho differs from Mao, whose poems are so densely allusive as to sometimes require comment from the poet himself.

A paradox of modern Chinese poetry, however, is its use of ancient *forms* with an essentially modern *tone* (not to mention subject). There is about it an insistent public optimism which leaves one exhausted. (Mao's poems are lacking in this Rotarian quality; their particular assertive qualities find an echo in early poet-warriers.) From the thirties, leftist Chinese critics insisted that poetry must depict real life, inculcate certain

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values and, above all, be intelligible. Mao wrote: "What we demand is unity of politics and art, of content and form, and of revolutionary political content and the highest possible degree of effectiveness in artistic form." This has led to many tiresome poems about assembly lines and the toiling masses and, often, little art. (Mao is the exception.)

At the end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century a group of Vietnamese patriot scholars, educated in the traditional Chinese classics, promoted a movement of reforms in Vietnamese literature. One of their main goals was the simplification of style, especially the elimination of Chinese classical allusions. Ho Chi Minh was influenced by this school, some of whose members had studied in Japan and France.

Ho Chi Minh's greatest traditional poetic power lies in his contemplative privacy. True to fashion the diction is simple, but the unfailing determined hopefulness of Chinese Communist poetry would sound especially false emanating from provincial jails. What we find instead is world weariness:

Having climbed over steep mountains and high peaks,
How should I on the plains expect to meet greater danger?
In the mountains I met the tiger and came out unscathed:
On the plains, I encountered men and was thrown into prison.

Wistful contemplation:

For prisoners there is no alcohol nor flowers.
But the night is so lovely how can we celebrate it?
I go to the air-hole and stare up at the moon.
And through the air-hole the moon smiles at the poet.

Fatalism:

Each of us has a ration of half a basin of water
For washing or brewing tea, according as each may choose:
If you want to wash your face, then you must go without brewing tea:
If you want a drink of tea, then you have to go without washing your face.

Miserable loneliness:

In the cold autumn night without a mattress, without blankets,
Lying with back curled round and legs folded up close,
I try in vain to sleep. The moonlight on the plantains
Increases the sense of cold, and through the window bars
The Great Bear draws up alongside and looks in.

Dragged through thirty prisons, exasperation sets in:

With transfer after transfer the journey stretches out.
I have had enough of this.

Finally even the poet who wrote: "Instead of weeping I prefer to keep singing," begins to lose hope:

The blue sky purposely shines out to tease me.
Eight months now I have lost in the grip of the fetters.
And a day seems worth a thousand taels of gold.
When shall I ever again enjoy days of freedom?

Mao Tse-tung, too, had his moments of melancholy. Written in 1957 about the execution of his beloved second wife, there is a poem not a line of which can be understood without some literary detective work. The reason is simple: Mao was writing twenty-seven years after his tragedy. Ho was living in his.

An insight into Vietnamese independence is found in this poem:

All over Asia flutter the anti-Japanese flags:
Big flags or little flags—they are not all the same
Of course, big flags we must have, but we need the little flags, too.

Less politically significant, but memorable from a man whose words are now studied on Vietnamese desks everywhere:

To live without freedom is a truly wretched state.
Even the calls of nature are governed by restrictions.
When the door is opened, the belly is not ready to ease itself.
When the call of nature is pressing, the door remains shut.

We must, finally, remember the audience. Ho Chi Minh is a great figure in Asia. Literally millions read his words (although his printed output, unlike Mao's, is meager). The charm noted by virtually all who have met him, his sympathy for his fellow prisoners, his occasional preoccupations with scabies, bowel movements and lost teeth can only enhance his stature as a humane revolutionary leader. The propaganda impact must be terrific. Ho Chi Minh's tribulations will not interest Lyndon Johnson, but his attention should be caught by these lines:

Without the cold and desolation of winter
There could not be the warmth and splendor of spring.
Calamity has tempered and hardened me,
And turned my mind into steel.

Tree of Many Branches

THE CRIPPLED TREE. *By Han Suyin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 461 pp. $5.95.*

EDGAR SNOW

Author most recently of The Other Side of the River *(Random House), Mr. Snow has for many years written extensively about China.*

Han Suyin is the daughter of a Chinese railway engineer and his Belgian wife, whom he met when a student in Brussels. Their marriage produced eight children; the quantity reflected a Catholic conscience rather than grandiose planning. By grace of this disorder, Han Suyin herself arrived rather late under the shade of a China which she describes, not without humor, as more hell than paradise. *The Crippled Tree* follows the years 1881 to 1928, and their inherited handicaps to free growth and natural fulfillment.

I wanted to write a book about my father and mother and about China, and one day the idea took shape in action, and then it grew, as such seeds do, sprouting and then straightening into a distant shape, a tree of many branches; and as I too lived through years full of change and revolution, I too had to look back, look homeward, and write about that earth-changing time which took place in our generation.

I was born because there had been, in China, a Boxer Rebellion (as Europeans called it) in 1900, and because of this event, which the Chinese call the Uprising of the Righteous Fists, my Chinese father, instead of becoming a classical scholar, married my Belgian mother.

Readers who know Han Suyin's romantic *A Many-Splendored Thing,* and works of fiction and international intrigue published since then, may be pleasantly surprised at the maturity and new analytical dimensions in *The Crippled Tree.* Subtitled, *China: Biography, History, Autobiography,* it is also Belgium, Eurasia, King Leopold's Congo adventurers in Kansu, growing up in Brussels, Szechwan and Peking, and two enraged strangers caught in East-West love and nonmeeting of minds, all enlivened by sketches of China's ordeal of emergence in the modern world, starting as far back as the opium wars of the 1840s.

The recipe sounds impossible, but an artist is at work. The result is clear, witty, fascinating and informative literature of some world importance. When the volume ends (1928), we are left eagerly

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waiting to learn more about an attractive-repulsive little girl, then aged 11, named Rosalie—as Han Suyin was known during her Catholic childhood in China.

Seeing Rosalie as an incident, an "effect" of history, Han Suyin searched for her discrete causes—parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, and societies that gave them their certainties and delusions, their capacities for love and misunderstanding. Obsessed by the same curiosity that made her a successful medical doctor, the author tirelessly pried testimony from all accessible witnesses clinging to the limbs of her intertwined family trees.

Her "history," to be sure, will not satisfy historiographers hot for absolute truth. History as she pursues it often is what Chinese around her believed to be true; much of it will enrage or astonish some Western readers. But much can be learned by reflecting on it. What Han Suyin's father's generation of Chinese believed to be history turned out to have as much to do with the making of *new* history as what Americans believed, and that may continue so in the future.

What we are given then is China and Eurasia to Han Suyin, the inside of it as seen by an exceptionally astute child and adult, and an explanation of herself and to herself, and of and to her disparate worlds. Her father and mother seen as principal characters—to each witness a different image—do finally emerge as distinct, if bewildered, more victims than victimizers, lost and lonely, contradictory, well intentioned, fully believable human beings. Rarely has a book so frankly told the pitiless truth about old China and its family life, and never has the same book with equal impartiality depicted its counterparts in European society as seen through Eurasian eyes.

Much has been written by theorists about the blending of Eastern and Western cultures. Here is a book about those who tried it by love, and failed. Or did they? If the end justifies the means, the many-splendored (if somewhat splintered) Han Suyin seems to prove the contrary.

On The Roof of the World

THE TIMELY RAIN: Travels in New Tibet. *By Stuart and Roma Gelder. Foreword by Edgar Snow. Monthly Review Press. 248 pp. $8.95.*

MARILYN YOUNG

Mrs Young is a student of American-Far Eastern relations.

A good deal of the excitement of the Gelders' book is, despite the subtitle, not with new but with old Tibet. As the first Western journalists to visit Tibet since the Communist take-over, the Gelders may be forgiven if the physical wonders and baroque theology of the country intrigue them as much as the hard facts of land reform, local government, taxation and agriculture. The authors inquire into these subjects, to be sure, but their account is anecdotal and distressingly vague. Their information rests, apparently, not on government reports or statistics but on a series of interviews with relevant people. These are consistently interesting but only partially informative. It would have been helpful had the Gelders managed to combine personal accounts with other sources, as Edgar Snow did so successfully in *The Other Side of the River.* As a full and complete account of the new Tibet, then, the Gelders' book is bound to disappoint.

As a travel book, which in fairness is all it claims to be, *The Timely Rain* is fascinating. Indeed it is doubtful if any book about Tibet could be otherwise. Very few Westerners have ever traveled in Tibet; even fewer have successfully reached its spiritual and political capital, Lhasa. The effect of the country on its visitors is apparent in the subtitle of a 1923 British book on the rivers of Tibet. Starting off tamely enough, *The Mystery Rivers of Tibet,* the author cannot restrain himself from adding: *A description of the little-known land where Asia's mightiest rivers gallop in harness through the narrow gateway of Tibet, its People, Fauna and Flora.* Only the remoter parts of Africa seem to exercise the same power on the imagination. On the "roof of the world," the confusion and exaltation engendered by lack of oxygen and overwhelming natural beauty are further enhanced by the intricate, all-consuming ritual of Tibetan Buddhism.

Until 1959, one out of every four Tibetan males were monks; 700,000 of the 1.25 million people living in Tibet proper were serfs; an aristocracy of 200 families shared power with the clergy and a "middle class" of perhaps 10,000 merchants; shopkeepers and artisans made up the rest of the population. Few countries anywhere in the world exhibited such extremes of wealth and poverty. Yet the dignity of the people, the resignation with which they bore their fate (buoyed by the belief that their next reincarnation might be a much richer one), the splendid opulence of the nobility, combined to rob most visitors of whatever sense of social justice they may have had. Tibet was usually described as a country of surpassing happiness where, as in the fine days of medieval Europe, each man knew his place and gladly occupied it.

The Gelders are, on the whole, entirely free of this attitude. Yet they too were sometimes seized by the beauties of Tibet as it was and, knowing that it will change, however slowly, out of recognition, they were able to empathize with earlier visitors. One excellent quotation from an English journalist who accompanied the Younghusband expedition of 1904, perfectly captures the ambivalent reactions of most Westerners:

> Lamaism may be an engine of oppression, but its victims do not protest; and there before one's eyes . . . is Lhasa. It may be a barrier to all human improvement; it may be a living type of all that we in the west have fought against and at last overcome . . . but under the fierce sun . . . and the white gauze of the almost unclouded sky of Lhasa, it was not easy to find fault with the creed, however narrow and merciless, which built the Potala palace. . . . To Lamaism alone we owe it that when at last the sight of the farthest goal of all travel burst upon our eyes, it was worthy, fully worthy, of all the rumour and glamour and romance with which in the imaginings of man it has been invested for so many years.

Reading a travel book is very nearly like traveling with the person who wrote it—of all relationships surely the most difficult. Generally the Gelders make excellent companions. Although they cannot boast the hardships which earlier travelers endured, their terrifying flight through the narrow passes from Sining to Lhasa assures one that Tibet is only slightly easier to reach than it ever was. There is also a new highway stretching from Chengtu in China to Lhasa. If, in China proper, the Communists have tremendously increased the volume of motorized transport, in Tibet their advance has been more modest. Until 1951, according to the Gelders, the only wheeled vehicles in all of Tibet were the rusting heaps of two cars owned by the 13th Dalai Lama. Now there are a variety of carts and roads on which to use them. The Gelders make no secret of the poverty, squalor, poor housing and low standard of living they found in Tibet.

The Gelders (who were not guests of the government during their trip) were able to interview anyone they pleased. One of their most fruitful talks was with the former mayor of Lhasa, now an official in the local government. This frankly critical man (who, depressingly, tried to mute his criticism in later meetings

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with the Gelders) noted that the Chinese had erred in not restraining overenthusiastic Tibetan cadres who, contrary to stated Chinese policy, were overtly hostile to religion and gave the impression that "when reforms were introduced, religion would be suppressed." The Chinese, too, had taken too many political prisoners after the rebellion and their policy of making the able-bodied monks work for their own sustenance was offensive to many Buddhists. The official's account of the 1959 rebellion, of the moderation generally shown by the Chinese, and of the necessity of the reforms they had introduced, supports the conclusions the Gelders had reached from their own observation and other interviews.

Using the 14th Dalai Lama's autobiography as a model of the accepted, if distorted, version of Chinese behavior in Tibet, the Gelders are at pains to demonstrate that:

(1) The Chinese did not suppress religion prior to 1959, nor do they do so now. The number of monks in the monasteries is radically lower than previously, but this is due to a variety of factors, including the practical decision on the part of some that the clergy was no longer an upwardly mobile profession. Religious ceremonies are permitted; the traditional art of butter sculpture is allowed (the Gelders saw and photographed one screen 6'x11' which took one and a half tons of butter to construct), although the people are no longer subject to religious taxes but give as much or as little as they wish. Able-bodied monks must farm their own land, but the elderly receive a government pension. The practice of entering a young child into a monastery is allowed, though the boy may choose to leave when he is 18.

(2) The Chinese liberated the serfs and distributed the land only in 1959, after it was abundantly clear that the ruling elite would make no move on its own to reform the social system, or cooperate with Chinese reforms, however gradual.

(3) The Chinese claims to suzerainty over Tibet are well established historically, and the invasion of 1951 was no more than any strong Chinese government would have done. Indeed, the Communists kept the fighting to a minimum and, in stark contrast to the behavior of Chinese troops in 1910, neither occupied Lhasa (which was open to them) nor mistreated the populace.

(4) Working with limited resources and with an exquisite regard for the customs of the country, the Chinese have somewhat improved the standard of living for most of the people. Nobles who did not participate in the rebellion have

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been compensated for their land; religious riches, except for cash, have not been confiscated and, as in the rest of China, more people are better off though a few are a good deal less comfortable than formerly.

Curiously enough, the Gelders' conclusions are well supported by the aggressively anti-Chinese analysis of Tibetan events written by George Ginsburgs and Michael Mathos (*Communist China and Tibet: The First Dozen Years,* The Hague, 1964). Ginsburgs and Mathos, with a wealth of detail, describe the moderation of Chinese Tibetan policy. They admit that China scrupulously adhered to the agreement signed in 1951 which promised to respect Tibetan regional autonomy. To be sure, they explicitly attribute this to Chinese cunning. Ginsburgs and Mathos deplore the "large scale" programs of education and indoctrination introduced in 1956 when the pace of reform was increased. The Gelders' account of the very limited educational system the Chinese have been able to establish throws much doubt on their contention. Similarly, Ginsburgs and Mathos imply diabolical Chinese motives for establishing "discriminatory fiscal policies designed to increase the popularity of the Central Government among the laboring classes . . . while slowly undermining the economic position of the monasteries and the nobility." While grudgingly admitting that, "on the whole . . . the average Tibetan is now modestly ahead of where he formerly was . . ." they remain puzzled that only a fraction of the people, even in Lhasa where the rebellion was centered, joined forces with the monks, nobles and Kham tribesmen against the Chinese. "Why that is so," they write, "is not altogether clear." The Gelders' book makes it much easier to understand.

The Timely Rain is enriched by many spectacular photographs and by the compassion and intelligence of the authors. One of their more revealing conversations succinctly summarizes the strange and exciting transitional state of modern Tibet. Talking with the former personal physician of the Dalai Lama, now head of the traditional Tibetan hospital, the Gelders asked him if he were reconciled to the practice of surgery which was previously prohibited because evil spirits might thereby enter the body. "Yes," he said. "There is no denying that there is much good in science." Then he added wistfully, "But I am still sometimes worried about the evil spirits."

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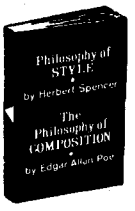

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SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION IN CHINA. Vol. 4, Part 2: Mechanical Engineering. *By Joseph Needham (with the collaboration of Wang Ling). Cambridge University Press. 759 pp. $35.*

KENNETH REXROTH

A frequent Nation *contributor, Mr. Rexroth is most recently the author of* An Autobiographical Novel *(Doubleday).*

Where and when is this great work going to end? As it grows it expands. If completed according to the present schedule, which it will probably overtake and surpass, it will be the largest work of its kind in any language, and undoubtedly the largest work on either Sinology or history of science taken separately.

I have read each volume with the greatest absorption as it came out. Needham is as much fun to read as ever was Toynbee in the early days of his *Study*. This is certainly the way the book should be read, but it raises the question: who is going to be able to afford to buy the whole shooting match once it is finished? I suppose there's no help; this will be a work for libraries and a limited number of specialists who have to own it. That's a pity. I find it quite as much fun as Simenon. I suppose there will be an abridgment, eventually out in paperback. But like Toynbee, Spengler, Thorndike, Heath, Needham's most enjoyable quality is his unbridled expansiveness.

Volume 4, once scheduled as one volume in fact, has now grown to three in the plan, and for all I know, the third may undergo fission or mitosis before it's out. It's quite maddening, because what everybody who knows the field is waiting for is the alchemy book and the ones on Chinese medicine, diet, acupuncture and moxa. Volume 4, Part 2 is on mechanical engineering. We still have civil engineering and nautical technology to go, and chemistry and medicine recede into the vastnesses and fastnesses of the reputed Oriental sense of time. I only hope both Needham and I live to see the end of the job. It will be a little like spending a summer reading the works of Balzac or Conrad straight through—what do we do then?

This book is about what the Chinese did, rather than about what they thought. (The first two volumes form a masterful and unequaled introduction to Chinese thought.) *Mechanical Engineering* is concerned with work, with how labor is applied to the environment. So many historians of science have been interested mainly in the evolution of the relationship between mathematics and the basic generalizations of science, especially physics and astronomy, that they have left the actual growth of science in our own civilization something of a mystery. Copernicus, Galileo, Newton burst on history like supernovas. The average layman has never heard of the long preparation for them throughout the Middle Ages, in technological evolution — windmills, water mills, stirrups. The law of the conservation of energy was prepared by centuries of improving conservation of energy in fact.

There is obviously not going to be any chance of such a misunderstanding for the reader of Needham's work. There is, on the other hand, going to result greatly sharpened and clarified understanding of Chinese thought, of that dangerous and baffling and often foolish concept, the mind of a race. Cul-

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tures *are* different. People *do* think differently. For 700 pages we can watch Chinese locksmiths, wheelwrights, harness makers, well drillers, pump makers, millwrights, clock makers, the designers of mechanical toys, especially flying toys, kites and balloons, all meet their problems and solve them in characteristic fashion, subtly, but obviously differently from the ways we have tackled them in the West.

As we watch Chinese civilization—not an abstraction, but living Chinese individuals — use brains and muscles to cope with the land of China, the direct relation of work and the most remote speculation is revealed, and so simply and undogmatically. There is a unity of mind and practice that binds together Confucianism, Taoism, Chinese Buddhism, and Chinese ways of using water and wind and horsepower. There is nothing cranky or vulgar about it—no one-to-one relation of economics to metaphysics or art —far from it. What Needham does superlatively is convey, as life itself conveys, the all-pervasive flavor, color and tone of a culture different in obvious but ultimately unanalyzable ways from ours. Not exhaustively analyzable in theory, that is, but in this book so elegantly analyzed in terms of an immense structure of very simple and most concrete facts.

PHOTOGRAPHY

These soldiers lean,
waiting for the command, "March."

Behind Grandfather
it is nearly six o'clock.

This cat
will not jump.

JOHN N. MORRIS

The Common Scolds

HOWARD JUNKER

Mr. Junker is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

Six weeks after he became drama critic for *The New York Times,* Stanley Kauffmann left the Helen Hayes Theatre just as the last curtain dropped, hustled back to his *Times's* little cubbyhole and knocked off 750 dead-pan words about a play he had not enjoyed, all in the traditional "about an hour or so." It was the first time that Kauffmann had reviewed a première rather than a preview.

He was given this opportunity to be like the other critics by David Merrick, a producer who is unusual in his hatred for critics only because he makes scorn for them part of his image. A couple of weeks before the opening of *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* Merrick told a luncheon group: "I'm going to ambush the new critic of the *Times* some night when he covers the preview." Yet Merrick sent preview tickets with a covering note to Kauffmann which read, "At your peril."

Variety, learning of Merrick's generosity, began to keen that Broadway solidarity against the "contemplative critic" had been jeopardized:

> [*Merrick's*] defection from the ranks of the anti-previewers figures certain to weaken their cause by easing trade pressure on the *Times* to rescind its policy. . . .

But Merrick did not disappoint the trade, the League of New York Theaters, Actors Equity, the Dramatists Guild or the Society of Stage Directors and Choreographers, which had all denounced Kauffmann as an abuser.

The performance to which Kauffmann had been invited was never given. "A rat got caught in the generator," Merrick explained. And the story of the dark preview made the *Times's* front page, letting the world in on the joke, backing up Kauffmann in a curious way, and giving Merrick a little more free publicity than he deserved. Kauffmann did not like *Philadelphia,* although his colleagues did, but fair's fair. He didn't rave about the next night's *Hostile Witness*; neither did anyone else.

So far Kauffmann has liked but one play, *Phèdre,* had mixed feelings about a couple, and panned a dozen. Richard Gilman of *Newsweek* suggests that Broadway's opposition to reviewing the preview stems from opposition to Kauffmann himself. From the first, Kauffmann has wrapped himself in the banner of high standards: "I personally would like to see the system changed, not because I can't function under it, but because I don't wish to. A play that took ten years to write and a year to produce deserves more than a 50-minute review."

Had this season not been so barren— "I've come to feel less and less like a reviewer and more and more like a common scold," wrote Walter Kerr after *Philadelphia* — Kauffmann's revolution might not have escalated into farce. As it is, Broadway hardly deserves the high standards Kauffmann wants to apply.

It is too early to evaluate Kauffmann's performance in his new post, but his notion that newspaper notices can be elevated into criticism may prove a little optimistic. The basic virtue of a daily critic has always been the wit to savage dull plays. The critic's product, so eagerly awaited over breakfast at Sardi's, is, in any case, mainly taken up with reciting the story line, noticing the actors, supplying quotable quotes for advertisements, and suggesting go or no go. How the chance to reflect can alter this definition of the job is something Kauffmann has yet to demonstrate.

Thus far he has delivered his punishments with uningratiating loftiness. His complaints about repetitiousness, familiarity and lack of novelty in the fare he has had to consume sound just like the "high-minded theatrical jeremiads" he renounced in his first Sunday piece.

Kauffmann's least interesting review to date was of the play he liked best, *Phèdre.* Considering that *Jonah,* written by Paul Goodman and called by one paper "a whale of a bore," deserved careful consideration because of its author, Kauffmann proclaimed:

> As only the illiterate need to be told, he is, besides being a novelist, one of the most versatile and valuable of social critics—not a Jonah but a gadfly of everything from educational process

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to filmmaking, from sexual custom to police organization. I don't think he means us to escape some reference to himself in his hero.

The observation is helpful and so is the information, if you are illiterate. Background data is appreciated; being patronized is not.

To say that Kauffmann's well-meaning intelligence is not always nicely displayed is not to attack his position as the trade has done. Broadway objects to Kauffmann's seeing "work-in-progress." The producer, it is said, has the right to determine when his play is ready. Important changes can be made up to the last minute. Previews only build toward the première. It is unfair for a critic to judge a performance other than that seen by his colleagues.

All these urgent arguments can be contradicted by common sense. Opening night is an arbitrary date, occasionally set back if a play needs time, or pushed forward if it's hopeless, but by no means an indication that the play has been perfected and is at last presentable. Opening night is more like a deadline than a debutante cotillion. Further, though the cast may be up or down for any given performance, by the last preview it is dangerous, not customary, to monkey around with any "last-minute" changes. If anything, the electricity of opening night is likely to make the cast hysterical. After all, the critics are out there.

At worst, then, as *Journal-American* critic John McClain indicated in the Sunday piece he devoted to the problem (only Walter Kerr abstained from comment in his own column), opening night is a fun-ritual and iconoclast Kauffmann is a party-pooper.

That notices are news complicates matters. It would be immoral for Kauffmann to scoop his colleagues. So, too, explained assistant managing editor Harrison Salisbury on a Channel 13 discussion, the *Times* cannot afford to print Kauffmann's review a day after the rest.

Early in January, managing editor Clifton Daniel consulted with the other daily critics to see if they would like to review the preview. They declined, with a unanimity born of long experience. (Junior man Norman Nadel of the *World-Telegram and Sun* has been at it fourteen years.) One critic, who deserves anonymity, announced that if given more time he would probably write worse.

Nineteen of the twenty prospects the *Times* interviewed to fill the post that had been held by Howard Taubman—the search went on for six months and included Kenneth Tynan, Kerr, Robert Brustein, Eric Bentley — insisted they would not or could not do adequate work against deadline. "It's not the extra twenty-four hours," says Kauffmann," it's the dif-

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ference between enough and not enough time."

The chance to sleep on a judgment, to discover what you think, with some degree of leisure, in the morning, is not too much to ask for, especially if your opinion controls success or failure at the box office. Everyone wants better reviews; the problem is not only what they would be, but how to get them.

In a belated effort to assure Broadway of fair play, Salisbury suggested over Channel 13 that the *Times* critic would be happy to see a play twice if the producer said that was necessary because of improvements that had been made.

"A man in the brick-throwing business," George Jean Nathan once consoled the young critic, "must expect occasionally to be hit by a brick." But submitting to a bad play twice? That must be unconstitutional.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

Tennessee Williams did himself an injustice by having his two one-act plays, collectively entitled *Slapstick Tragedy,* produced on Broadway. They might have gained considerable esteem had they been given in a more modest manner. Their closing was announced after six performances.

A second injustice, almost as great, is the plays' critical reception. *Slapstick Tragedy* is not the author's "top-drawer" work, but he has struck a new note in at least the second of the two plays and both have a peculiarly personal stamp that merits attention.

The plays are melancholy but masked avowals. The first, called *The Mutilated,* might be described as a freakish Christmas Carol. Two whores—the first has had one of her breasts removed, the other has just been released from a short-term jail sentence for shoplifting—become reconciled in wretched companionship one Christmas Eve, because although they have reviled each other through corrupt professional rivalry, they realize that they have only their mutual deprivation, and the understanding of it, to give them solace in their common exile from respectable society.

As in certain of his former plays, Williams in *The Mutilated* reveals his compassion—more, his sense of identification —with the insulted and the injured, the misfits and the maimed. But while the earlier plays were soft in sentiment, *The Mutilated* is savage.

Its "slapstick" consists of deliberate bitchiness. Even the final moments in which the two whores induce a vision in themselves of the Blessed Virgin who will forgive and heal them are bitterly ironic. (This is Williams' squint-eyed flirtation with mysticism.) The intention is to make us see that the two women, one stupidly infantile, the other horribly stricken with shame at her affliction, are as absurd as they are pitiable. Williams refuses to gush over them; they are meant to be both grotesque and ridiculous, and these qualities themselves are to lend the women all the commiseration they need to make them kin to us. The play requires its jokes to be horrible; its horror funny.

To make clear how *The Mutilated* differs from other Williams plays the production should not dodge the play's cruelty. Perhaps the director (Alan Schneider) and the author felt that an emphasis on its savagery would alienate an "uptown" audience.

Margaret Leighton, whose voice touches the heart and who is blessed with the very appealing look of a Pre-Raphaelite beauty in anguish, never for a moment suggests anything but noble sorrow. She doesn't seem to have a bitchy bone in her body. Kate Reid, a gusty and essentially good-natured actress, is amusing but hardly conveys anything soiled or mean. The result is that the play strikes us as a minor repetition of an old Williams theme, when it is really an acid variation.

The second slapstick tragedy, *The Gnadiges Fraulein,* is more interesting in several ways than the first. It is a stylized essay in farcical fantasy altogether new for Williams. It is filled with sardonic mirth at the plight of the artist applauded and glamorized in his triumphs and then repudiated and derided when he fails. The "artiste" in the play is a once celebrated middle-European *chanteuse,* but the inner motivation for the personage is Williams' projection of his present situation. He attempts to ward off self-pity through self-mockery, avenging himself on the "enemy" with satiric lunacy.

The Fraulein earns her keep in a God-forsaken boarding house at the seaboard of the southernmost point of our States by fighting to catch fish in the waters whipped by the hurricanes which harass the place. The difficulty of bringing in the fish (prestige, status, success) is compounded by the jealousy and competition of a bird of prey, the Cocaloony, who not only snatches the fish from the Fraulein's grip but pecks out her eyes in the process.

The play abounds in symbols. The Cocaloony may represent the Critics. The public becomes a Permanent Transient at the boarding house. Certain aspects of the Press appear in the person of Polly, a madcap society reporter who combines impregnable complacency with malice. The clownish lady who runs the boarding house may stand for managerial powers, producers, editors, publishers and the like. There is also a blond Indian who steals and makes a banquet of the fish which the Fraulein has struggled and lost her eyes to catch. Is this meant to stand for one of Williams' directors?

However we interpret this nightmare it is written in an odd but effective mixture of gallows humor and Rabelaisian zest. On opening night the audience laughed uproariously at the broad-stroked slapdash language, but though I was able to appreciate the style I could not bring myself to smile. I was too conscious that its author was in pain.

The outstanding performance in *The Gnadiges Fraulein* was that of Zoe Caldwell as Polly, a truly remarkable creation, all venom and sugar, risible and appalling. Both plays are sure to be seen and acclaimed in future productions at universities, community theatres and on foreign stages.

Brian Friel is a schoolteacher who lives in a quieter, narrower, sadder, far less well accommodated country than Williams does—Ireland. In *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* (Helen Hayes Theatre) he has written a gentle, touching, understanding play, old-fashioned in an entirely sympathetic vein. It is imbued with a sweet atmosphere of resignation.

The theme is the conflict in an Irish youth between his urge to escape the boredom and stagnation of his community and an ever-abiding attachment to it. The young man, Gar, has decided to leave for America where he is to get a job in a hotel. There he will enjoy anonymity in the midst of bustle, in contrast to the dour provincial constriction of his birthplace where everyone knows him and where he knows everybody. What he knows all too dismally is the mutism and miserliness of his widowed father, the unimaginative and cozy religiosity of the petty priesthood, the crude vulgarity of the *boyos,* the encrusted snobbery of the shabby well-to-do, the frustration of the would-be poets, the fear of life that encompasses all.

Yet despite his loathing, he is tormented by a foreboding of loss. For the folk his soul rejects remain *his* people. Still we know that he will leave for Philadelphia, there to live with his bibulous aunt and her frightened and cheerless husband. He will live to experience other agonies in the land of opportunity and will forever har-

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bor a longing for his native Irish heath.

Gar is an inarticulate fellow, as unendowed with expressive speech as is his father. If only the old man would reveal something of his own memory of love, his own guilt and travail, the author implies, Gar might not leave his village. Because Gar cannot give vent to what he feels, the dramatist has chosen to speak for him by dividing the character in two: the public person and the private.

This device gives the play a certain novelty, but at the price of making it more rhetorical than dramatic. I might have been more affected than I was if the author had embodied Gar's inner division more subtly through a halting eloquence rather than through clever explanation. Still the play has form and functions. It provides us with an evening of restful tenderness amid the raucousness of our entertainment world.

It is well cast and nicely directed. Patrick Bedford and Donal Donnelly play the public Gar and the private, respectively. These are what might be called "talking" parts rather more than "acting" parts: that is, the roles demand more oral expression than vital behavior. Fortunately both men speak beautifully. The "acting" parts are very finely done by Mairin O'Sullivan as an endearingly crabbed old biddy, and by Mavis Villiers as the aunt in the childless and gloomy sequestration of Philadelphia.

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Off-Broadway

ROBERT PASOLLI

Mr. Pasolli spent the 1962-63 season at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis on a Ford Foundation grant and was later associated with the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York.

A very neat switcheroo is pulled by the leading character named Trapp near the end of James Yaffe's *The Deadly Game*, dramatized from Friedrich Dürrenmatt's novel. Three retired lawyers had enticed him to play mock court with them and during the trial he has been accused and convicted of murder and condemned to death with an urgency which has made it clear to him, as to us, that the sentence will have to be carried out, probably by himself. Surfacing from the shock of recognizing his crime — that of unconsciously willing and causing his boss' death by heart failure—and from the horror of comprehending the verdict, the condemned man lashes out in desperation and accuses his hosts-*cum*-condemners of themselves trying to commit nothing less than murder. This highly charged turning of the tables, during which the production at the Provincetown Playhouse has the lawyers close in on Trapp, forcing him in fright back and up toward the judge's bench, is just what one had been waiting for. One is satisfied, as the curtain momentarily comes down on the scene, that the thriller's business of setting you on your ear has finally been brought off. More than that, one is gratified that the issue of the play has at last been joined: condemners are no less guilty than condemned. Surely the curtain, on rising again, will reveal Trapp on the bench and the lawyers arraigned before him.

Not so. Trapp is revealed to have fallen from a precipice just outside the window located behind the judge's bench, and the lawyers are going about the seduction of a new victim to play their eccentric parlor game. It is a scene designed to conclude the play on a note of titillation; the effect on me was rather more torpid, confirming my feeling of detachment from the competent but undemanding melodrama of the proceedings, up to that electric outburst.

The irony is that, for all their preoccupation with melodrama, Yaffe-Dürrenmatt have managed to create a master image in the absurdist tradition: life as a loaded trial in which the guilty are condemned to death by the equally guilty. Even in neglect, and despite the overwritten melodrama that tends to smother it, the image grows apace all through the play.

Consider the life of this image: its seed is the lawyers' statement that the game has kept them alive, allayed their ailments, impeded senility. The game, in other words, is identified with life. The image breaks ground in the fact that the court is without sanction; it accuses, tries and condemns on its own authority, with only itself as its referent. The image waxes taller in the special case this court makes of capital punishment, acknowledging that the practice of execution is outlawed elsewhere.

Leaves sprout on the image as Trapp's ultimate doom is foretold in countless ways—by his cockiness, by the inanity of his defense lawyer and the skill of the prosecuting attorney, by the turn of plot that has him wearing the discarded trousers of a previously condemned defendant, by the retired executioner's role in converting the drawing room into a courtroom before the trial begins. And so on. It is a scrawny growth, from lack of careful cultivation and proper exposure, but it comes nonetheless to blossom. Whereupon the whole plant is carelessly allowed to fall out the window.

That description is possible only after seeing Trapp's final scene, which brings the image into focus, allowing us to perceive the elements we have been vaguely sensing and actively missing all along. The play is structured as a double thriller; the first revealing the nature of the game, the second playing it out. While excellent in conception, the first thriller is overlong in its means, plodding, belabored. The latter, also soundly conceived, is strung out, repetitious of its effects, indulgent. Although notably lacking in thrills, the operation is not boring, especially since it is only near the end that its insignificance is proved. But *The Deadly Game* is monumentally unengaging because the master image, suggested but unrealized, renders its hearty brand of melodrama trivial.

Having so censured the play, I want to praise the production, which rekindled my hopes for the continuance of off-Broadway as a viable arena. *The Deadly Game* is moderate in its production demands, intimate in its attempted effect, modest in its scope; that is to say it is a sensible play to produce off-Broadway, which is already an advantage, considering the number of unsuitable plays essayed. Furthermore, the direction by Alton Wilkes is good, although I found the pace under- and the movement overanimated. The setting by Richard Jackson is judiciously right, and the performances are adequately rehearsed and competently executed. The production, in short, managed to give pleasure despite the curiously misshapen play.

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